

THE Canadian FORUM

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Current Comment

The British Election

The British are a sporting people, at least as spectators, and there can be no doubt that public opinion polls have added to the interest of recent elections as sporting events. Their impact on the results is less easy to assess. Before 1918 polling days for different constituencies were spread out over as much as two weeks, and the first returns were a potent factor in determining subsequent voting, especially before the coming of the secret ballot in 1872. Now Dr. Gallup and his followers have set back the clock. Depending on their politics, commentators in September feared that early reports of a strong Conservative lead might make potential Labour voters apathetic, or Conservatives complacent. But the apparent narrowing of the gap between the two parties as the campaign progressed turned what began as a fixed match into an exciting contest, and the reports of the polls in the popular press possibly served only to bring out the vote. Unfortunately for Mr. Gaitskell there is some evidence that the Labour vote is harder to bring out than the Conservative. Next time the effect of poll results may be less impartial, and it would probably be an aid to democracy if renewed skepticism about the accuracy of polls could be preserved from this election to the next.

Poor attendance at political meetings during the campaign of 1955, and plans for an increased use of television in this one, early earned it the name of the first television election. But the older traditions remained surprisingly tough. Not only were meetings well attended, but many candidates added extra meetings as public interest mounted. Attempts by the B.B.C. and Granada to project the excitement of local contests into the homes of their viewers were conspicuous failures. But telecasts by the party leaders were another matter, although no doubt party idealists are still debating with party strategists whether it is better to appeal to the intelligence of the voter, as Labour tended to do, or to his need for reassurance, as the Conservatives did. Mr. Macmillan's first appearance actually made the top ten for the week, and later programmes by all three parties had surprisingly high ratings. Unfortunately for those who would like to think of the British voter as the world's most politically mature, the figures are misleading, for political party programmes were carried by both the B.B.C. and I.T.V., thus depriving the viewer of his usual privilege of switching to the other channel. But one can turn down the sound without missing the start of the next programme, so that a leader's appearance may now be more important than his message.

The election of 1959 marks a more important development than television electioneering. After World War I British party politics changed from a contest between the Ins and the Outs to a struggle between the Haves and the Have Nots. Now there are signs of a trend towards the conventions of

Gentlemen vs. Players. Modern party organizations began during the struggle between the old parties for the vote of the newly enfranchised working-class. But with the rise of the Labour Party and the break-up of the Liberal Party, the older two-party system, in which both parties accepted the existing order of society and each attempted to appeal to all levels of the electorate, was replaced by a new pattern, in which the alternatives differed profoundly in class appeal and class support. For over a generation electoral issues between the parties have been class issues. But the coming of the welfare state and its acceptance in principle by the Conservatives, coupled with the accident of prosperity, have blunted the discontent on which these issues were based.

Mr. Macmillan claims that the class war is over. And unless hard times once more make the old socialist programme acceptable to the working class, this may be true. An effective alternative to the Conservatives must now convince enough of the electorate that it can do a better job of managing the kind of society most voters have come to accept: welfare-state capitalism. If the Labour Party can overcome its built-in rigidities, it will rethink its programme as the Conservatives did after 1945 and survive the setback of October 8th. If not, it may dwindle to a refuge for doctrinaire socialists, and Mr. Grimond's ambitions will not be so unrealistic after all. The overanxious see in Labour's defeat the end of Mr. Gaitskell's leadership, but he has shown himself to be capable and hard-hitting in his first campaign as party leader. His future depends rather on his success in overcoming those zealots who think of every British worker as a devoted socialist and blame each setback on Labour's departure from the purity of socialist doctrine.

In any case the period of overt class divisions between major parties is probably over — a period during which the political enfranchisement of the working classes brought about their social enfranchisement through the creation of the welfare state, if not their economic enfranchisement

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through the building of a socialist society. The recent near stalemate in British politics, with narrow majorities rooted in stable class support, may in fact be at an end. The future could once more bring large swings in the popular vote and parties competing for the support of the community as a whole.

W. E. GRASHAM.

Berlin Again

Two items, reported briefly in the local press on the same day, serve to indicate the present state and future prospects of the Berlin problem. In Washington, on October 6, a painfully cautious Christian Herter faced his first news conference since the Khrushchov visit. He was clearly anxious to avoid misinterpretation at home or abroad, and he could not conceal the Administration's difficulty in adjusting to the new phase of the cold war. After he had pointed to the withdrawal of the Soviet time limit as one of the positive gains of the visit, a reporter asked: "Do you have any specific information that would give you any hope that we have any more chance of reaching an agreement on Berlin and on Germany at the summit meeting than we had at the Geneva conference last summer?" Answered the Secretary of State: "No, I can't give you that assurance." It was clear, in short, that at the Camp David talks Mr. Khrushchov had given no hint that he was prepared to abate one jot his aim of securing western withdrawal from Berlin; nor was the United States ready to retreat. To talk in generalities was one thing; to apply general principles to concrete cases was another.

The Secretary of State's gloomy forecast was underlined that same day by another of those incidents which have so often served to make the divided and isolated city a centre of East-West tensions. On October 7 the German Democratic Republic (D.D.R.) was to celebrate its tenth birthday. The not inconsiderable feat of a decade's survival was to be marked by a sort of proletarian village fête, with good Czech beer and *Wurst* from stalls in the Unter den Linden, street dancing, and the promise that speeches in the Marx-Engels Platz would be brief. To mark the occasion a new flag was introduced. Formerly east and west flew the same banner, but the D.D.R. now superimposed the symbols of hammer and dividers on the centre stripe of the familiar black-red-gold emblem. The new flag was clearly part of the campaign to stake out a claim for recognition as a separate German state; and the move was made more provocative when on the eve of the great day, it was raised over the 85 elevated (*S-Bahn*) railway stations in West Berlin.

It is one of the oddities of the Berlin situation that, while buses and trams halt at the sector boundary, and few western taxi-drivers can be prevailed upon to cross into the east, the underground (*U-Bahn*) and the *S-Bahn* continue to provide service for Berlin as a whole. The former is controlled by the West Berlin authorities, the latter by the *Deutschen Reichsbahn* which also controls all rail traffic in the D.D.R. While the elevated railway is thus controlled by the communists, they do not enjoy extra-territorial privileges, and the *Volkspolizei* have never been permitted to exercise their jurisdiction in the *S-Bahn* stations in West Berlin. Over these stations flags had formerly been hoisted on fête days, but so long as they were indistinguishable from West German emblems no one minded. But the sight of the new flags prompted the West Berlin police to attempt to remove them, and led to a clash in which a number of police and communist workers were injured. The offending flags were subsequently removed by railway employees. The allied commanders protested to their Russian opposite number. The incident is closed, though the battle of the flag is by no means over.

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The incident served to show how touchy is West Berlin and West German opinion on the subject of recognition of what they refer to by such euphemisms as the Soviet Zone or the so-called Democratic Republic. It showed how fertile a breeding ground the Berlin situation is for incidents, in which the ridiculous is never far separated from the serious. It has perhaps made more difficult the continuation, to say nothing of the extension, of the existing contacts between East and West Germany. And, above all, it underlined Secretary Herter's point that it is going to be very difficult to find acceptable formulae for mitigating the consequence of division and isolation for Berlin, let alone resolving the issue altogether.

R. A. SPENCER.

Apple Blossom Time

There's nothing notable
about Norma's funeral:
my mind resists her
apple tree's blossoming into flower.
This is not transference
— just coincidence.

Brightness rises through the air
over Norma's grey-backed garden chair
and over the mounded, patronizing shoulder
of this damned mourner, eating my dead
darling's food, pouring her booze
under his marbled forehead.

I watch the man's lymph ooze
drawn down among blossoming apple roots.
He chatters, "It's too bad she's gone."
I watch his boots,
his body sinking in her lawn.

R. G. EVERSON.

Dark Porcelain

Dark pain of loving—treasured porcelain,
Borne close-wrapped through winter's quiet reign,
Is shattered to a milliard shards of grief
By hard bright Spring; her every budding leaf,
Each petal of the pink and bronze-leaved cherry,
Each sparkling blue and silver ripple's merry
River dance; each note in the rapturous clamours
Of nesting birds; all these, Spring's hammers,
Strike off and, ruthless time and time again,
Drive home the splintered needlepoints of pain.

Evelyn J. Broy.



Red Assassins

By Theodore Oshmachka, former Professor of Russian and Ukrainian Literature. A first-hand narrative, describing experiences behind the Iron Curtain. The author was jailed in a Moscow prison for seven years without a trial, being subjected to every possible torture. This book is a translation of *Murderer's Rotunda*, published in Ukrainian in 1937.

4.50

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Canadian Calendar

- Arrangements have been made for 50 or 60 Arab students to take postgraduate courses in Canadian Universities. The students are among 200 which the government of the United Arab Republic has withdrawn from Russian universities because they were being subjected to excessive ideological pressure.
- The three top men in Canada's Board of Broadcast Governors, after a brief survey of U.S. television, have declared themselves much impressed with the U.S. television systems, the calibre of people in chief executive positions and the U.S. concept of programming.
- Canada is sponsoring a proposal to set up machinery within the United Nations for obtaining data on an international scale on the hazards of radiation.
- Dr. J. Gordon Kaplan, radiation expert at Halifax's Dalhousie University, has accused the Atomic Energy Commission of deliberate, wilful distortion in releasing information on test explosions; in Ottawa, National Health Minister Monteith announced that the radio-active content of milk was rising. Dr. J. W. T. Spinks, dean of graduate studies at the University of Saskatchewan, declared that so far, the hazard of radiation is a minor one compared with other dangers, such as traffic accidents, and estimated that over a period of 30 years, while 10,000 people in every hundred million of population would be affected by radiation, 750,000 would be slaughtered on the highways.
- Under pressure from Fort William's mayor and chief-of-police, the novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, has been removed from the newsstands. Mr. H. Batho, manager of the Central News Co. burned more than 700 copies in the incinerator of the city dump. Mayor Catherine Seppala has said that if the novel were to appear again, she would enforce a ban. She said also that she has not yet had time to read her own copy of the novel.
- Two Canadians, Dr. Wilder Penfield, director of the Montreal Neurological Institute, and Dr. E. W. R. Steacie, chairman of the National Research Council, have been presented with diplomas of membership in the Academy of Sciences of the USSR.
- The Canadian Government has contributed a total of \$20,000 toward emergency relief for victims of the typhoon which struck Japan on Sept. 26. The money comes from the International Relief Fund established by Parliament to provide assistance to disaster victims in other countries.
- Sales of European and British cars in Canada for the first seven months of the year is up 47% over the corresponding 1958 period.
- Paul Toupin, Montreal author and member of the Academie Canadienne-Française, has been appointed supervisor of the Canada Council scholarship program. He will also act as advisor to the council on its programs in the humanities.
- The University of British Columbia has acquired for its Museum of Anthropology the earliest piece of Pacific Northwest Coast woodcarving known, a 15½-inch unique specimen of the prehistoric spear throwers widely used up and down the Northwest Pacific Coast.
- In this first Seaway season, traffic has increased 59% on the river and 23% through the Welland Canal. By mid-September the cargo carried was greater than that moved during the whole of the 1958 navigation season. In addition, both Montreal and Halifax announce that their shipping, which they feared might fall off as a result of the Seaway, has increased over that of 1958.
- On Oct. 2 Defense Minister Pearkes suggested that Canadians build their own basement fallout shelters. Mass evacuation of large centres of population has now been ruled out of national survival plans.
- A German Air Force team is to come to Canada to arrange an aircraft standardization program between the RCAF and the Luftwaffe, particularly with regard to the U.S. Lockheed Starfighter jet plane which both Canada and West Germany will build under license.
- Two Canadian aluminum firms have signed a fifteen-year agreement with Kobe Steel Works of Japan. The Canadian companies will provide a comprehensive technical assistance program for making aluminum products in Japan; Kobe Steel will purchase aluminum from Canada.
- As part of its contribution to World Refugee Year, Manitoba was the first province willing to permit entry of refugees suffering from tuberculosis.
- Buffalo are being hunted—legally—for the first time in Canada since 1893. The Department of Northern Affairs has issued 180 licenses, 30 of them to Canadians, and hunting parties have set up camp about 90 miles northeast of Fort Smith in the Northwest Territories, where three or four thousand buffalo have spilled out of Wood Buffalo Park.
- On Oct. 1 Thomas Maher of Quebec City was appointed chairman of the National Gallery of Canada. No appointment has yet been made to replace Alan Jarvis as director.
- Last year the eleven district taxation offices in Ontario hired 718 seasonal employees to process federal income tax returns for the province, which has 40% of Canada's taxpayers. This year a high-speed electronic brain and a staff of 400 men will be established in Ottawa to handle these returns. The electronic computer will turn up errors (in 1958 one in every eight returns was incorrect), record their nature, and toss the returns into an error bin.

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Frobisher Bay: Moonshine Sketches of a Little Town

Gavin White

► WHEN I WAS QUITE YOUNG and very foolish, I went to live in Frobisher Bay, up in what *Time Magazine* calls the Great To-morrow Country. Well, they should have seen it yesterday.

We went ashore in a landing barge on a cool September evening when the tide was high and the mud-flats covered, after taking part in the maiden voyage of the supply ship "C. D. Howe". She should have been there weeks earlier, but because of ice conditions her captain had dropped two steel cylinders on a rocky islet and steamed off around the rest of the Baffin posts. When the cylinders were picked up by a small boat they turned out to be the wrong ones—but that's the way it goes.

On shore we could see as many lights as a Legion fair-ground. There were engines roaring and trucks moving and all sorts of sounds to be heard nowhere else on Baffin Island. And in accordance with what I had always thought was an old Arctic custom, I fired a shot in the air as we touched the beach. The Gaspé seamen in the barge didn't like this, the American soldiers on the beach didn't like it, the R.C.M.P. didn't like it, and I promised not to do it again.

When we landed they took us to a long string of huts all joined together. I tried to find a place to sleep, wandering around with a gun and old patched mukluks and a dirty parka. I knocked at one door, but a man looked out, said, "If you want a beer its down the hall to the canteen", and slammed the door.

Frobisher Bay never lived up to expectations. First it was supposed to lead to China, but it doesn't. Then it was supposed to be a gold-mine, but it isn't. Now it's supposed to be all kinds of good things, but it isn't most of them either. It all started with Martin Frobisher's arrival back in 1576 when "his mast was sprung and his toppe mast blowen overboard with extreame foule weather". He met the Eskimos and five of his men were "by them intercepted with their boat, and were never since heard of to this day againe". This needs qualifying, as Greenlandic explorers a mere generation ago heard the other side of this story from descendants of those Eskimos, that the men got lost, missed the ship, built a small boat, and tried to sail back to England.

The following year Frobisher returned and "in place of odoriferous and fragrant smels of sweete gums & pleasant notes of musicall birdes which other countreys in more temperate Zones do yeeld, wee tasted the most boisterous Boreal blasts mixt with snow and haile". After looking around and "not finding the commodity to answere his expectation", he landed and saw what he took to be gold, though one of his officers piously records that, "All is not gold that glistereth". He then returned to England, carrying an Eskimo woman and child of whose human origin he was at first doubtful.

Still undaunted, he returned a third time in 1578, running smack into an "outragious storme". His object now was to mine the gold, and he is supposed to have carried pre-fabricated huts, the success of which was jeopardized when the ship with the best walls sank. While loading his ore, he established the first furnace in North America and his chaplain celebrated the first English Eucharist in North America. These exploits are now to be commemorated, the former by a plaque being designed by the Historic Sites and Monuments Division, and the latter by a special feast day

in the new Anglican Prayer Book. Having laden his ships to the gunwales, Frobisher returned to England where his cargo was transferred to the Tower of London, found to be worthless, and thrown out.

In the long run Frobisher's contribution to the land that bears his name was an irregular hole in the ground and a few ruined buildings, still to be made out at a spot called Gold Cove. And after his departure the Bay disappears from history until the middle of the nineteenth century.

In those days expeditions were searching for Sir John Franklin, and if they failed to find him they consoled themselves with finding just about everything else in the Arctic. One such expedition, led by an American named Hall, contrived to enter the upper reaches of Frobisher Bay, a thousand odd miles from the death-place of the man for whom they were supposed to be searching. Hall's expenses were mainly borne by a millionaire named Grinnell; his contributions of cold cash are seen in the naming of the Grinnell Glacier, while the present airstrip is situated on the former bed of the Sylvia Grinnell River. And after Hall came a scattering of Scots whalers, free traders, and wild men of one sort or another. By the turn of the century missionaries had covered the area and in 1930 the Hudson's Bay Company built a trading-post half-way down the bay. But they hadn't seen anything yet.

About 1942 the U.S. Army Air Force began building a string of airbases for evacuating wounded from Europe across Iceland and Greenland and Canada, known as the Crimson Route. One of these, named "Crystal Two", was to have been on an island in Frobisher Bay but was abandoned before completion and moved to the mainland where it was almost finished by the end of the war. Its main feature was and is a 150-bed hospital with the various units joined by heated corridors. There was even a row of padded cells. Around the hospital were warehouses, messhalls, a great laundry, office buildings, and a chapel—but this didn't come up to expectations either. The Chaplain wanted to dedicate it, but while he was away the Colonel did so, and the whole thing promptly burned to the ground.

It was in the summer of 1950 that the R.C.A.F. moved in and the U.S.A.F. moved out, according to an agreement whereby Canada bought this and other installations from the U.S.; all this part of the Arctic is technically Canadian territory. So the U.S.A.F. moved vast quantities of stores to ships, left even vaster quantities lying wherever they happened to be, and departed. And we began taking inventory; I myself signed over part of the station from R.C.A.F. to Department of Transport immediately after they'd received it from the Americans. And instead of the Stars and Stripes flying over the Union Jack, it was now to be the other way around.

The winter that followed wasn't too bad, looking back on it. There was an average of fifty men on the base and every couple of weeks 960, the station Dakota from Goose Bay, would fly in with mail and fresh food. Compared to the isolated stations of North Baffin, Frobisher was a veritable metropolis, even though most of the buildings were boarded up and empty. We all lived in the one building, the former hospital, where the long ramps and corridors were well suited to a game of bowls centred on the use of a diesel fly-wheel which rumbled nightly down the floor. Our radio operators were billeted in the padded cells, where they could practise amateur radio without disturbing anyone else.

There was one man who no sooner landed than he planned to build a transmitter which looked, on his sketches, rather like a mortuary trolley. His first few weeks were spent hammering sheet-iron till the radio-room resounded like a

boiler shop all day and half the night. Then came the era of the electric drill, and two weeks of screeching racket while he made holes in the sheet iron for tubes and leads. Then relative peace; he was wiring it up with so many soldering irons going at once that you had to be careful where you sat down. Eventually he mounted an ancient but colorful Norwegian receiver and wheeled the whole monstrosity into his cell. It was a great day when he turned it on and the antenna loading needle moved slowly across the dial. I wasn't there so I can't vouch for the flash, but when the smoke and the stench had cleared away he pushed the burnt out wreckage to a corner and left it. For the rest of his stay he did little, and when his time was up he transferred to the Belgian Congo.

Others amused themselves less harmlessly; in fact, the Frobisher of that day was the cause or occasion of a very high proportion of personal tragedies. There have always been alcoholics in the Arctic, apart from other troubles, but we had more than our share. In addition to the beer in the canteen, we had a substance on the base called anno-propo which was intended to prevent freezing in gas tanks, and had much the same effect on human beings. And at mid-night, when the O.C. was asleep, various civilians would conduct jeep races along the empty airstrip. One jeep shot off the end and was damaged; it was silently transferred several miles to the only road on which it should have been operated, propped up against the only pole anywhere near the road, and left with its slightly injured driver sprawled across the wheel to make it authentic.

Down on the shore the ice had piled into weird tidal hummocks with a few abandoned landing barges in between. There was also a tug, the "Major Enrique Garcia", which has since vanished though her ship's bell remains. It seems to have been liberated by an R.C.A.F. man, lost in a poker game to a D.O.T. man, passed on to the R.C.M.P. constable, and then given to the Eskimos who built a steeple around it and use it for Church.

Up at the runway was an immense hangar with its door jammed half-open and snow piled up around the abandoned vehicles inside. Across from here the incomplete crosswind-strip had a small hut in the middle of it, and after an aircraft had made a pass at this strip, it was thought worth moving the hut. It turned out to contain the Americans' dynamite supply. Near here were flare-pots to be laid out whenever an aircraft was coming, and further out were the hulks of some twenty vehicles from which the U.S.A.F. had removed and buried the engines, though the R.C.A.F. had little trouble in locating and digging them up again.

So far as I know that was the only winter that Frobisher was ever an entirely, or even predominantly, Canadian establishment. For in the spring came Operation Robin, and with it a return of the U.S.A.F. who were to maintain aircraft going to Greenland for some mysterious reason.

Previously the O.C. of the R.C.A.F. detachment had driven around in an ambulance, that being the only enclosed and heated vehicle available. Now an American officer arrived and a C-82 flew in an ambulance for him, too. In the years that followed the Americans increased in numbers, and the Canadians decreased, till the former numbered a couple of hundred and the only permanent R.C.A.F. man was a Wing Commander, titular commanding officer without anyone to command. And this time the Canadian Red Ensign and the Stars and Stripes flew side by side.

All this changed in 1955. First came the DEWline, adding new radar stations to those previously constructed, this time even further north. Frobisher Bay promptly became the supply and administrative centre for the Eastern Arctic, and

construction men set up a "Tent City" of heavy insulated green canvas structures on gothic frames, stretching across the former ballfield. A score of minor-league airlines set up shacks across the runway in a swampy area which some ex-farmer had named "the West Forty". A beer-hall opened with the inevitable title of Dew Drop Inn, and private enterprise so flourished that on one memorable day the Mounties seized nineteen gallons of bean wine. For reasons of security or brevity the base acquired the revolting designation of "FROT", and a newspaper appeared haphazardly in English and French under the name of "The Frot Flash"; later it succumbed and was replaced by an American production, "The Frob Globe".

By this time there were camps of American troops and airmen and Canadian contractors and even a few Canadian naval men scattered all over the place, with a summer population of several thousands. But by far the most interesting part of Frobisher was the dump. As an archeologist detects various civilizations in the layers of ancient cities, so an automotive historian could read the story of Frobisher in layers of worn-out trucks. First the olive drab of the U.S. Army, then a thin yellow line of R.C.A.F. tank-trucks and tenders, with a few khaki lorries from World War II. Then the dump-trucks of radar contractors, the blue six-by-sixes of the U.S.A.F., and more dump trucks.

At the other end of the base was another dump — the Eskimo village. When this was founded I do not know, but the scrap-wood shacks and tents have been a fixture for at least a decade. Of the hundred odd residents some are employed by the Americans. More are not employed, but live off those that are. Some are old men, too old for the uncertainties of the trap-line. Some are young men attracted by the bright lights, easy pickings, and, in a few cases, drink. And many are attracted by the dump. But, as was said of natives around a certain dump in Labrador, "you can tell their standard of living is rising as they're more fussy about what they carry back". And in that tangle of shacks and oil drums and tied-up dogs and tin cans and old bones, life is improving. These people have learned to live together instead of scattering to follow the hunt. Some, not a majority, but some, have furnished their huts with the aid of that old harbinger of civilization, Eaton's catalogue. Others have old army cots crammed into every available space and a dozen people in one small room. Some have black-leather jackets and blue jeans, others the tattered remnants of native dress. And out between the antenna poles they play baseball. The game starts with the long days of spring before the snow melts, and carries on all summer without ever seeming to stop, night or day, on mud and trash and rocks. When half a dozen men or women leave the game, others take their places. There is only one thing peculiar about this baseball; they go round their bases in a clockwise direction.

Such is the village of Ickalooeet, and anyone who saw it would hasten to agree with the view that Canada's Arctic is just one great big trans-continental rural slum. So when the Canadian government made belated attempts to improve Eskimo welfare, Frobisher was high on the list. Since 1955 a model village, an Arctic showplace, has been going up three miles down the coast from the base. It is a pleasant spot, though seen from the hills the little wooden cabins look rather like the houses used in a game of Monopoly. In its earlier days the inhabitants were mostly white officials and their families, but gradually this new village of Niakunga has come to include more of the employed natives. It is still not their home in the sense that Ickalooeet is, but that will come. Soccer has been played in its streets, and that

is something. It has a school and a nursing-station and the Hudson's Bay Company was there on its lonesome twelve years ago. There is a garage and a laundry and, most essential, a dog-pound. And every Sunday one of the cabins is used as a church; the congregation face three men on a bench, the one at the right leads the singing, the one at the left takes the service from the Eskimo Book of Common Prayer, and the one in the middle doesn't do anything, but it's his bench.

Yet Frobisher Bay is not representative of the Arctic, most of which has not felt the impact of the post-war era. And what the visitor sees is usually not even representative of Frobisher. A few years ago Lester B. Pearson invited John Foster Dulles, or vice versa, for a tour of the DEWline. At Frobisher they reviewed an all-Eskimo guard of Canadian Rangers with Lee-Enfields and special armbands. An Army captain called them to attention and they stayed that way till the visitors were gone—the preceding night's drill hadn't covered how to stand at ease. When the Territorial council met at Frobisher's school in 1957, an Eskimo from each of the two villages spoke in his own language, then the resident white official spoke in English. Some observers jumped to the conclusion that each village had elected representatives, that they had composed their own speeches, and that the official understood Eskimo speech and was translating it, instead of it being the other way around. More recently, pressmen have reported that Eskimos there have forgotten how to build igloos, perhaps on the grounds that they didn't see any, and one even wrote that the government was going to teach them how to build them!

Frobisher Bay is an interesting place, that cannot be denied. It was seventy miles out from the base that I once found an abandoned helicopter loaded with beer, and I think that is an exploration first. Other people have discovered rivers and mountains and new continents, but those things you would expect to discover. Frobisher probably will have quite a future, but it won't be the future the press agents predict. We now hear that Pan-American and Canadian Pacific Air Lines and Strategic Air Command and all sorts of other people have great plans for Frobisher Bay. There are cylindrical twelve-story apartment buildings which may be built sometime with heated passages and probably palm-trees dropping coconuts in scented swimming pools. This may come, though I doubt it. And if anyone says there's gold in them thar hills, well, that's what they said to poor old Martin Frobisher.

Canada, Newfoundland and Term 29

G. K. Goundrey

► NEWFOUNDLAND HAS BEEN much in the news in recent months, what with labor disputes, disagreements over police contracts, and a suit against the federal government for breach of contract over a housing development. A further dispute and one of far greater consequences for the future concerns Canada's obligations under Term 29. The disagreement over Term 29 caused half the Conservatives in the Newfoundland Assembly to bolt the party and form their own party, and gave rise to a snap election designed to show Canada that all Newfoundland feels that Canada has failed to live up to the obligations of Confederation. Because the background of this dispute is little understood, it might be useful to sketch the history of Term 29 and the present situation.

Confederation has a long history in Newfoundland. Representatives of Newfoundland were at Quebec in 1864 but no decision was arrived at in Newfoundland and, although provisions were made in the British North America Act 1867 for Newfoundland to enter Canada, Union was rejected decisively in the Newfoundland election of 1869. In 1895 Newfoundland again considered the possibility of joining Canada but the financial problems proved insoluble and negotiations were terminated. In 1946 a Confederation movement again got under way and in 1947 a delegation arrived in Ottawa to "ascertain from the Canadian Government what fair and equitable basis may exist for federal union". In agreeing to meet the delegation, the government of Canada pointed out that it was "of the opinion that the questions to be discussed are of such complexity and of such significance for both countries that it is essential to have a complete and comprehensive exchange of information and a full and careful exploration by both parties of all the issues involved, so that an accurate appreciation of the position may be gained on each side". As an aside it should be noted that J. R. Smallwood had previously been in Ottawa, had obtained much of the information concerning Canadian services which would become available to Newfoundland after union, and had been largely responsible for the national convention sending the delegation. Canada's view of the need for careful consideration led to the formation of a number of sub-committees—in all ten—and J. R. Smallwood was a member of each of these subcommittees.

After the deliberations the government of Canada considered the suggestions and adopted a basis for union duly sent to Newfoundland. In the accompanying letter Mr. Mackenzie King carefully pointed out "as far as the financial aspects of the proposed arrangements for union are concerned the Government of Canada believes that the arrangements go as far as the Government can go under the circumstances [and it cannot] readily contemplate any change in these arrangements which would impose larger financial burdens on Canada". Term 14 in the document setting out the proposed basis of union referred to a Royal Commission to recommend additional financial assistance for Newfoundland if needed.

After the final referendum in Newfoundland, representatives were again appointed to journey to Ottawa, this time to negotiate the terms of union. The chairman of the delegation was the Honorable Albert J. (later Sir Albert) Walsh, and J. R. Smallwood was again a prominent member of the Newfoundland group. The financial terms of union were revised upward in the final agreement and Term 14 reappeared as Term 29 with only minor changes. In the concluding speech of the final plenary session the chairman of the Newfoundland delegation stated "in signing the terms of Union today we . . . do so with the knowledge that they make more adequate provision for the needs of the proposed new province than those before the people at the referendum, and in our opinion assure to the provincial government a period of financial stability".

The terms of union were approved and assented to on February 18, 1949. Term 29, as approved by the legislature, read as follows: "In view of the difficulty of predicting with sufficient accuracy the financial consequences to Newfoundland of becoming a province of Canada, the government of Canada will appoint a Royal Commission within eight years from the date of Union to review the financial position of the Province of Newfoundland and to recommend the form and scale of additional financial assistance, if any, that may be required by the Government of the Province of Newfoundland to enable it to continue public services at the

levels and standards reached subsequent to the date of Union, without resorting to taxation more burdensome, having regard to capacity to pay, than that obtaining generally in the region comprising the Maritime provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island."

This term became in substance the terms of reference of the Royal Commission on Newfoundland's Finances. The members of the Royal Commission who were appointed by the Liberal Government were Chief Justice J. B. McNair of New Brunswick (Chairman), Chief Justice Sir Albert Walsh of Newfoundland, and Professor J. J. Deutsch of the University of British Columbia. The personnel of the Commission was left unaltered by the change in government in Ottawa, but the new Conservative administration replaced the Counsel for Canada, appointing R. A. Ritchie of Halifax (since elevated to the bench). Hearings were held in St. John's, at which the Newfoundland submission was presented, and in Ottawa, at which the government of Canada submission was presented.

The Newfoundland submission was itself the result of a provincial Royal Commission, and the financial and economic arguments were prepared and argued by Mr. J. C. Thompson, Mr. H. Carl Goldenberg, Professor B. S. Keirstead, and Dr. D. Armstrong. Without attempting to do justice to the research and argument, the Newfoundland case can be summarized as follows: The levels and standards of public services reached subsequent to union is not an ambiguous phrase, and although difficult to measure can be approximated with considerable accuracy. Based on the latest figures available, the costs of continuing these services can be estimated. The capacity to pay is a more difficult thing to measure, but must be done if the intent of Term 29 is to be carried out. As a first approximation to capacity to pay, per capita money incomes were calculated and compared with the Maritime average. To improve this measure of capacity to pay, relative real incomes were calculated by taking account of price level differentials, based on figures obtained from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. A further adjustment to per capita real incomes was made to arrive at discretionary income or the income above a certain minimum from which taxes could be collected. Budget studies were introduced to justify the minimum income and comparisons were made with exemptions from various present taxes. The level of taxes was then calculated for the area comprising the Maritimes "generally" as a percentage of their discretionary real incomes. This percentage was then applied to the discretionary real income of Newfoundland to see how much a "comparable tax burden having regard to capacity to pay" would raise in Newfoundland. This amount was subtracted from the costs of continuing public services and the difference gave the "additional financial assistance" required.

The calculation of this deficit was based on the most conservative figures whenever one of a possible range had to be selected, and was put forward under the assumption that if the Royal Commission was to do its job as expressed in Term 29 these things would have to be measured. The Newfoundland case assumed that churches and charitable organizations would be able to continue, as at present, to meet a certain proportion of the costs of services. The net result after adjustments of various kinds was a deficiency of \$15 million which would need to be made up by additional financial assistance. The Newfoundland government also suggested that since there was still a great deal of uncertainty about the financial position of Newfoundland that another Royal Commission be appointed in ten years' time to reconsider the whole situation.

The submission for Canada was presented by Ritchie in a

closely argued brief, largely legal. The gist of the federal case was that the implementation of Term 29 did not require exact formulae, that the "Commissioners are not required to assay the 'impossible task' of measuring comparative capacity to pay", that "it is no part of this submission to suggest that the comparative tax burden of the areas in question can be accurately measured" and that "this problem including as it does the vexed questions of interregional cost of living comparisons and the variation existing in methods of taxation in the respective areas is one that can better be solved on general equitable principles than by elaborate economic theories". Only one stand by the federal government was consistently and clearly stated—"it is submitted that no words used in the Terms of Union can be construed as authorizing periodic reviews of the financial position of Newfoundland, and certainly they leave no opportunity for the Commission to base its recommendation on the assumption that it is to be subjected to review 'in a limited number of years'". "The function of the present inquiry is to perform the final act in the carrying out of the agreement represented by the Terms of Union". "The finality of the recommendation in as far as the Terms of Union are concerned is certainly admitted on behalf of the Federal Government".

The Royal Commission's report suggests that the deficiency is \$8 million and that federal payments be scaled to the transitional grant so that, as the transitional grant declines, additional payments increase under Term 29, reaching \$8 million in 1962 "and thereafter" when the transitional grants have ended.

The Royal Commission thus recommended that Newfoundland be paid \$8,000,000 annually in perpetuity.

The attitude of the government of Canada towards Term 29 has been peculiar to say the least. Counsel for Canada in his submission to the Royal Commission on Newfoundland Finances argued first that the Royal Commission must interpret its terms of reference according to the rules of judicial interpretation. Now this in itself is a strange argument. Royal Commissions normally interpret their own terms of reference and only if the findings of the Royal Commission were to be subject to judicial review would any particular interpretation by a Royal Commission lead to problems. The Federal Government could accept or reject the recommendations of this Royal Commission. Legally, there is no binding clause in the Terms of Union requiring the government of Canada to accept the recommendations. In any event an argument that judicial interpretation procedures must be used by a Royal Commission in interpreting its terms of reference suggests, to some extent at least, that the findings are to be binding. The announced policy of the federal government of adopting the recommendations of the Royal Commission up to 1962 but disregarding the "and thereafter" part of the recommendations and the assurance given to the government of Newfoundland (included in the preamble of the bill covering the financial assistance to Newfoundland) that the Newfoundland situation will be reviewed in 1962 is in direct conflict with the above quoted sentences from the argument of Counsel for Canada that under no circumstances was Term 29 to give rise to a series of periodic reviews of Newfoundland's financial situation and to the implications of judicial interpretation of the terms of reference.

It is unfortunate that the Royal Commission on Newfoundland finances decided to accept the view of Counsel for Canada that Term 29 should be interpreted as if it were a statute. It is doubly unfortunate, however, that having done this, they did not restrict themselves to a legal interpretation of the words in Term 29. For example, in

calculating the burdensomeness of taxation, it will I think be admitted that only the burden of taxes should be considered. But the Commission did not do this in calculating the tax burden. It included profits of the provincial government liquor commissions and license fees, although by no stretch of the imagination can profits or fees be considered taxes in a legal sense. It is also clear from Term 29 that the government of Newfoundland was to be provided with financial assistance to enable her to continue certain levels of services. To my mind it is questionable if the terms of the award by the McNair Commission enable Newfoundland to provide the levels and standards of public services reached subsequent to Union. For example, there should have been a provision that, if the churches and other charitable organizations withdrew from supporting education and health services in Newfoundland, the Federal grant would be increased in order to enable Newfoundland to continue to provide these services. There should also have been some provision for the possibility of other federal grants, for example that to universities, being withdrawn, in which case the \$8,000,000 award would have to be upped substantially. In other words, it appears to me that the Royal Commission, having decided to use the rules of legal interpretation in the interpretation of its terms of reference, should have been consistent and continued to use a legal interpretation of all of the phrases and all the words.

Even more important, however, is the fact that by approximating a legal interpretation of their terms of reference, the Royal Commission was precluded from considering many of the intentions of Canada and Newfoundland at Confederation and also from taking into account factors and conditions outside the control of Newfoundland which affected the levels and standards of services reached subsequent to Union. I believe it is safe to say that in 1949 no one, least of all the delegates of Newfoundland and Canada, foresaw the coming Korean conflict. But the impact of Korea and the continuing cold war made it physically impossible, to all intents and purposes, for Newfoundland to raise the levels and standards of public services to the extent that she otherwise could have and undoubtedly would have done. There were important shortages of materials; there was of course the increasing inflation. But in particular there were severe shortages of trained personnel. For example it was 1952 before Newfoundland was able to obtain the services of a university-trained forester even though the forest industry in Newfoundland is probably more important, relatively speaking, than in any other province except British Columbia. Even then Newfoundland had to offer a salary almost double what some of the deputy ministers were being paid in Newfoundland, and had to range far afield before filling the post. The original appointment was a forester from Norway. About 1955 Newfoundland was finally able to hire a second forester; this one from Denmark. But the second addition to the staff remained only a short time before being drawn off into the private sector. Finally in 1957 another forester was hired, this one from England. In other words, university-trained foresters (and forestry is a major industry in Newfoundland) were to all intents and purposes impossible to obtain in this period at salaries which were in line with what was being paid in the Newfoundland service. Or take another example, the University in Newfoundland was attempting to stimulate extension work and adult education. From 1949 until 1958 attempts were made by many people to find a man to direct and head the extension department. Here again it proved impossible. In the short run it was impossible for Newfoundland to obtain the personnel required. And there are other cases.

Highway engineers, construction equipment, firms interested in construction in Newfoundland, all of these were very difficult, almost impossible, to obtain. Teachers, university staff, dentists, doctors, foresters, engineers—these people were in short supply, and this shortage made it impossible for Newfoundland to raise the levels and standards of public services to the extent that the government of Newfoundland had originally intended, prevented Newfoundland from attaining the levels and standards of public services that she planned and budgeted for and made the expenditures on these levels and standards higher relatively than could have been foreseen in 1949.

When one is not worried about a judicial or legal interpretation of Term 29, it is usual to go back to the original statements and debates to find out what the legislators intended with the bill. In the case of Term 29 even this attempt to find out what the intentions were seems doomed to failure. It is true that both Mr. Smallwood and Sir Albert Walsh were involved in the negotiations and, it could be argued, had a fair idea of the intentions at Union. But there was now a new government in Ottawa, none of whom were involved in the negotiations. And when one turns to Hansard for guidance as to the meaning and intentions of Term 29 one is immediately struck by the dearth of opinion in the Canadian House. Term 29 passed without comment or debate and the only statement bearing upon the intentions concerning Term 29 was that made by Mr. St. Laurent when he introduced the bill for first reading. Now it isn't as if Term 29 was a model of clarity. It is doubtful if a more cumbersome term was ever written into a statute. It contains words which have technical meanings and phrases which are only now being given anything like common meanings. And when one looks at Mr. St. Laurent's speech on introducing the terms of union, it is immediately apparent that what the representatives of the people of Canada thought they were voting for is a far cry from the legal interpretation of Term 29. Mr. St. Laurent's speech is worth quoting extensively because it indicates what the members of the House of Commons were told Term 29 meant. In any event it is the only statement in the debates concerning Union which has any bearing on Term 29.

Mr. St. Laurent's speech of February 7, 1949, is as follows: "I come now to the matter of financial terms. That was a tough one. The people of Newfoundland did not want to become a province of Canada under conditions which would not make it reasonably probable that they could carry on successfully, and participate in the advantages which appertain to Canadians generally. We on our side wanted to provide financial terms which would make it reasonably probable, if not certain, that the addition of Newfoundland to the economy of Canada would ultimately prove to be beneficial to both partners, to the older Canadians and to the newer arrivals. It was found, after more precise and careful study of the administrative problems that would be faced by the government of the province of Newfoundland, that the terms suggested in the offer submitted in October, 1947, would not be sufficient at the start to enable the provincial government to provide for its people on a basis comparable to that which is provided by the other Canadian provinces. It was felt there had to be quite substantial provisional grants, extending over a period of twelve years on a diminishing scale, to bridge the transition from the present economy of the island to the kind of economy which would make it possible for the provincial government to provide the people of Newfoundland with substantially the services that are provided for the rest of the Canadian people by their provincial governments, without resorting to a burden of taxation heavier, having regard to capacity to pay, than that

which bears upon the people of the maritime region. The section of the Canadian economy generally described as the maritimes was felt to be the one which would be most nearly comparable to the situation which would be apt to develop in Newfoundland. It was felt that for a transitional term the government of Newfoundland had to be provided with sufficient funds to establish and develop services comparable to those available to the people of the maritime region, and that it had to be able to do so without imposing upon the people of Newfoundland a burden of taxation heavier than that prevailing in the maritime region.

"After long negotiations it proved possible, I think, to arrive at the scheme which is set out in the terms of union, and which is apt to achieve that result. Human foresight, however, is never as good as hindsight. It was also provided that within eight years from the coming into force of the terms of union a royal commission would be set up to examine the situation anew, and to report as to whether or not the terms provided are working satisfactorily and are sufficient to bring about the object of equalizing the lot of the people of the new province with that of the people of the older provinces. There is no undertaking to implement any terms of recommendation that may be made at that time by a royal commission. It was felt by the Newfoundland delegation, and by the representatives of the Canadian government, that this was something that was being entered into in a spirit of fairness on both sides, and that it was not necessary to make binding stipulations about what would happen with respect to the report of a royal commission. It was felt if there was an investigation and a report by a commission, in which the public at that time would have confidence, the legislators of that day could well be trusted to do what would prove to be right in order to make this enlarged nation a united nation continuing on its path of progress toward its great destiny."

I wish to emphasize that this is the only statement made in the debates on Union which had any bearing on the intention of the government of Canada and the government of Newfoundland with respect to financial assistance should the terms of Union not prove to be working satisfactorily. It should be noted that Mr. St. Laurent's speech refers to levels and standards of services being generally provided by the Canadian Maritime region. This is not specifically stated in term 29. There is also in this speech the implication that Canada and Newfoundland were unable to foresee with sufficient accuracy the results of Newfoundland becoming a province and therefore, attempted to set up a method by which, by hind-sight, the terms of Union could be improved. In view of the wording of Term 29 I believe it is safe to say that no one could know precisely what Term 29 was supposed to mean. But it is instructive to compare Mr. St. Laurent's statement with the argument by Counsel for Canada. When one does this, it begins to appear that the government of Canada is attempting to weasel out of the assurances made in 1949.

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NORTH BATTLEFORD, SASKATCHEWAN

Shower of Gold

Ralph Gustafson

► HE GOT BACK to his obsession. He knew he had got back to it, he had long ago worked it out. It was based on his need of her, a need quickened by her indifference to him, an indifference, so he let his imagery run, that could at any time hook the barb of its fancy in the gills of his self-love. He was hooked. He was hooked because he wanted her, he wanted her because he had been debased by her, and he had been debased by her because he loved her. It was as simple as all that. Being a male in those conditions of love or hate, he wanted to impregnate her. Being a man also of resources, he saw that he wanted in his love to save her, save her from the waste of herself. When the drives and impulses got too complicated, topheavy for the moments that supported them, he wondered if the whole thing wasn't a construction of his own ego—Barbara innocent of her effects on him; he, victim of his politeness. He was inclined by nature to feel guilty. Who knew?

He sat down on one of the opposed lounges in the middle of the gallery. His finger still parted the catalogue of the Exhibition at the page where he'd left off being informed of the dates and dimensions of the line of pictures. His eyes went back to the figure, of Barbara, standing facing the wall to his right. She hadn't the foggiest notion whether he was still beside her or wasn't.

With an ironic push of breath at his nostrils he dispersed the attempt of imagining her being aware of him. The effect was something like that of the South Pole discovering Amundsen. Or was it the North Pole Amundsen had got to? Anyway, ice. He handed it to her. Got where she wanted to be got by him, she managed his elimination impeccably. You would never know he was with her. Not until she was ready for delivery home again.

He dispensed with the irony; he mustn't forget his devotion to her. It would transgress human nature, Barbara not taking him for granted. Though that perhaps abused her transcendence a trifle. He must be fair. It was eleven in the morning, he was a dedicated young architect. One does not at that time of day frustrate society without rising superior to human nature. Barbara clearly had. It was plain that however he was taken he was not taken for granted. He was forgetting. She had made a particular point in calling him. He could see her now, curled on her bed beside her bedside phone. The Vienna Exhibition was only on loan and he had not yet gone to it. Barbara had not thought of herself at all, her very first words proved that. The morning was the best light to see paintings, wasn't it? He had to admit it. She had added, rather unfortunately, that he knew how she hated crowds. She hadn't done so well with the sun. But she had the paintings cornered—not a dozen people in the place.

She stood, judging Titian. Slim in the slim suit. Fashioned for love . . .

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

Well-burnt offerings really suited her. The composure was nothing short of a breath from sanctity—and his finer impulses now so coarsened it was next to a damn if she made it.

He felt the sarcasm drag in him, the habit, the distaste that he could be manipulated once more in his mouth. He pressed his hand across his lids. He looked at the picture he was placed in front of. Tintoretto's *Suzanna*. The glory of the Exhibition. Around the ends of the hedge peered the two elders. It was really the bald head one saw, the squatting

old man—before one saw the nude Suzanna . . . Suzanna the paragon, whose virtue laid bare, was lack of emotion . . . Or was he thinking of Barbara? He concentrated on the sun, the shade, of the figure. It was incredible mastery . . . The drawing, though? The head on a monstrous body, if she ever stood up?

He was arrogant. He leaned back to the lounge's support, his head up, seeking the tautening of the muscles of his throat. He let the opaqueness of the square of the room's skylight take his eyes. The light piled soiled, yellow with the bleak March day. Around him the centuries hung, sumptuous, isolate, stranded on the walls with their dead emotion . . . The heels of the guard shifted in the distance, then moved to the adjoining gallery and the room was alone. Only old Tiziano, Jacopo, and the shade of that which once was great. From where she stood came the sound of small movements. Then crazily the memory of the writing was in his head. Fallen from some existent but finished sky, the two lines curled and rested: "A reunion present for Chris—after a very long separation." He brought his head down. Thanks to what for that?

He looked at her, the only inditer, absorbed in the sated walls. He hunted—then sprung it. The lines were written in a book she had given him, at the top of the fly-leaf, with emphases, plus the signature, "Babs".

"After a very long separation"—with the tempting fraudulent scratches under the big little words. It must have been long ago if she used that much fervour. He remembered the sequence: the book came after his months in England that followed his proposal. In the beginning the years were idyllic. She moved in existence, admired, without forfeit to the seasons of nature, ordering beauty, and he was hers to have as she wished him to be. As it turned out, she wished him to be a convenience. He proposed. Marriage would only spoil things, now she said, perceiving the passion. He stayed true. She wrote him, in moments of strain, inscriptions. In the beginning was the Word and the Word was not made flesh. Heroic spring—and Eden retained. Even Adam did better. How callow could one be?

The light from above moved in a melting through her hair. Its colour was honey. Clipped, it massed unfathomably . . . Once she had come, nude, to the pool's edge, the hair for a moment as golden there before the blue water took her. She was of one conception only, some suntanned spilling of him of the reed and curl-hid horns, the cool stream heedless of the cry in the antique wood . . . the round breasts, the flanks, clothed in the clothes, still lithe to her moving, her body instant to its own sensation; the fact of her, standing there, if against him, high as his shoulder—the creed broken, the use she had made of her, restrictive, the hair long, the grace, the gold of her thighs, kept and unspent and as she wanted, till the vanity of the chasteness was got.

He felt the need to strike her, the flat of the palm of his hand across her cheek. She turned and came toward him.

She past, he had said, "Fabulous . . . ", the morning wrapped in a word for her, so she could claim him.

If she heard him, she accepted he would say it.

He let his anger obscure the abasement—anger against the cheapness, the cheapening of everything that came in contact with her—anger for the whole procession of like moments given, trivial, of no witness against her, perverted and assumed by a coldness so promiscuous she passed as innocent—the gesture he had made left, twisted into the shape of some invitation for her to lean over the glorious depths of his pulsating soul . . .

He checked himself, this way he was as deprived, indulged. She had moved, in front of him, her eyes to the paintings,

from a picture to a picture. It was just possible Tintoretto was more interesting.

He got up, going to the other end of the room. He gave himself to the painting before him. *Laura*. By Giorgione. The face of the girl broad, peasant, almost coarse. Again, the pose to the right, the hand to the fur of the robe, the one bared breast . . . It was Titian the painting was trying to make him think of — Titian's *A Woman in a Fur*. Giorgione's was velvet reduced to the kitchen . . . She disliked anyone near her in a gallery. But joy was hazard, you had to hazard it. It was lethal, caressed one way. As love was. You shared or you were done. The refusal of contact was fear in her, fear refused in some twist of contempt, of inacceptance, that recoiled like a darkness touched by sun actual and itself, such sun as love in its act was . . .

He walked across the archway to the opposite picture, his thoughts shifting heavily aside before the beauty in front of him, the demand of his eyes, it was Bassano's *Adoration of the Magi*. The three kings offered their gifts beside the manger, the light, the strokes of the brush, filled with the love. He felt himself moved, balked by the audacity, the green-cloaked posterior of a kneeling king bent outward at the beholder; in the munching indifferent donkey, the assumption by all creatures humble that the Christ-child was born, each stroke of the brush was devotion. Babs was beside him.

"Look, Babs." He reached for her arm. He was not conscious of her aversion, until her arm was beyond him.

He looked at her in innocent astonishment, caught her look. *No. He wasn't insensitive enough to have missed the crudity.*

Her eyes went to the picture.

He waited.

"It's really secondary, don't you think?" She moved to the canvas. "I can be wrong, of course. It's been cut down, hasn't it?"

She walked on, he let her walk on, through the archway.

He looked at the spurned, cut-down canvas. Poor Bassano. Still, the Venetian could take comfort. There wouldn't have been a damn of difference if he had been the Redeemer and painted it.

He turned, sick of it—the whole sterility and conceit. He went through the archway.

"I'll be in front," he told her.

Her eyes raised from the catalogue, touched his. The lids clenched in a little gesture of recovery. "I need a cigarette too. It's like six symphonies."

That was what had moved him, tobacco.

She put herself aside the moment of his coming. "Do you know this, the myth?" He looked over her shoulder at the large canvas. It was Titian's *Danaë*. She stood ahead of him a little in front of the sumptuousness of color, her head to the side, adjusted to the slight highness of the picture. "The gold. The thrown gold is Zeus?"

He memorized her, the moment of her delay. Even as his mind thrust away, she was innocent. "The thrust of the gold was to be Perseus. She was locked in a tower, Zeus came in a shower of gold. It was at Argos." She stared up, at the opulence of the passion of Titian, Danaë nude, her hand halted from shielding her from Godhood—as he would pour into Barbara the seed of him.

She turned away. She asked him, "I've seen enough, haven't you?"

He stayed where he was, at the far end of the room, with the Titian.

. . . The fiddler-crab holding aloft his crimson claw.

She did not turn, the conditions of his transit set flawlessly.

He followed.

She went through the rooms, taking the red arrows' direction, scrupulously, without error. He kept her in front of him. He had gone to her apartment, at her asking. He had found her sitting, her knees clasped shielding her, the sun of the bedroom window across her. He questioned her if she was sure but she only shook her head. She watched him as she waited. She had a great Dane, Loki. Solitary, she compared them as approximate.

He had gone from her—the need begun.

He remembered—quit of her.

He walked across the lobby from the staircase, through the doors. She was outside at the pillars. She had a cigarette lighted. He went down the steps ahead of her to the curb.

The air was dank, the Avenue lined with machines. Below the Park, the cliffs of concrete had rotted with lights.

The taxi drew up. He followed her in, giving the address to the driver. As he sat back the head of her cigarette caught his palm. His hand reflexed from the stab of pain, the cigarette carried to the floor of the cab.

He knew only the rush of fear that would accommodate her fault.

"I'm sorry!" he said.

He gave her room.

As the car swung forward, he heard the words—the clearness so, that his hand trembled holding out to her his opened cigarette case.

A Womb with a View

Raymond Hull

►WHEN PONTIUS PILATE washed in the judgment hall, it was not because his hands were dirty, any more than those of the sleep-washing Lady Macbeth were bloody. John the Baptist, dousing his disciples in Jordan water, was washing, not grime from their skins, but guilt from their hearts; and nowadays, too, most of the showering and tubbing is done by people who have no need of soap. The ritualists of the bath-tub, scouring and rescouring their already aseptic skins, are trying, in fact, to scour their consciences, to get rid of the sex-guilt that is their heritage from Puritanism.

What are we to make, then, of the ritual washing of the clean motor-car—and make no mistake, most car-washing is done on clean cars—what are we to make of this ritual washing, performed either personally with hose and wash-leather, or vicariously by the power-swabs and wiping-gang of the quick-car-wash plant? Does Saturday's washing of the car replace Sunday's washing of the soul? Is it the guilt of blood that must be purged by the steam-hose and polishing-rag, the blood of the machine's past or prospective victims? Blood-guilt was common enough in the days of the duel and the vendetta, but it is rare nowadays; massacre by motor-car is emotionally associated with police courts and insurance premiums rather than with resurrection and judgment-day.

No, the automobile is a sex-symbol; that is why all the perfumes of Arabia can never sweeten it for its owner. That is why, for all the washing, it is never clean. But what is the exact nature of this symbolism, and why is it at the same time deeply satisfying and deeply disturbing?

It is sometimes asserted that the automobile is a symbol of masculinity, that by its power, weight and speed, it gives its frustrated driver an outlet for the aggression that he cannot express in everyday life. But if this is true, why do so many drivers deliberately kill themselves?

The man driver is said to regard the car as a part of

himself; then why is he so hopelessly ignorant of its workings?

In favor of the car's masculinity may be cited such superficialities as Buick's "phallus-in-a-ring" ornament, Ford's "gunsight" gadgets mounted (macabre position) over the front wheels, and a whole host of eagle, arrow, and airplane devices, not to mention the whipstaff radio antenna. Then some of the neologisms of the automobile admen, the power-drives, the jetomatics, the torsion-bars and hard-tops, have a faint smack of the men's locker-room.

But this is about all that can be said in favor of automotive masculinity, and even this much can easily be gainsaid. The phallus-in-a-ring may just as well be seen as a ring-around-a-phallus; the yard-long antenna is on the way to being superseded by a couple of knobs; the good old manly gearshift and brake levers have long since disappeared, and for every "power-drive", there is a "cushionaire", a "pneumatic ride", and a "dynaflow". Then there are more obvious feminine attributes; Cadillac's breasts on the front bumper, Edsel's grille with its "vaginal look", the bustles behind, the voluptuous curves in between, the gorgeous colors all over, and the lashings of chrome costume jewelry. The car is unmistakably a female, and the little masculine touches no more make her male than a short haircut turns a woman into a man. It is significant that "boat", commonly used as a pet name for the automobile, is also understood to be feminine.

So the automobile is a woman; but what sort of woman is she? The motivational researchers have looked into this question. Mr. Ernest Dichter's celebrated "wife-versus-mistress" theory explains the convertible car as a symbol of the mistress, the unattainable dream of every respectable married man. It is unattainable firstly because it is too expensive, and secondly because his wife would not approve of it. The sedan, according to Mr. Dichter, represents the wife that the average man settles for; it is less beautiful, less expensive, and more practical than his dream-mistress-convertible. Automobile dealers are urged to apply, and actually do apply, this theory, by putting the glamorous convertible in the front window of the showroom to lure the male customer inside. After oohing and aahing over the dreamboat, he will presumably decide that it is not for him, and will let himself be steered towards the safe and sane sedan at the back of the room, where the real business is done.

Now these tactics may sell cars, but results alone do not prove a theory to be correct; after all, a good deal of useful exploration was done by navigators who believed that the earth was flat. I suggest that the mistress-wife theory is fallacious.

Apart from the fact that it has no fixed roof, the convertible is exactly like the sedan; its body is stamped by the same dies into the same stylishly-stout contours; it has the sedan's matronly poise when at rest, and, on the road, the sedan's lumberly motion, like a battleship in a sea of molasses. What sort of mistress is this? Forty-five years ago the open car, and they were once all open, may have been a mistress-symbol. It was then exclusively a man's plaything; it was expensive to buy and expensive to maintain; it had to be cajoled and bribed into performing its designated function; its daredevil owner had to climb on top of it, and struggle continuously to keep it under control; and it was always likely, no matter how well treated, to indulge in a fit of the sulks and refuse to budge at all. The motor-cycle is the nearest thing to a mechanical mistress that the present-day man can get, and the motor-cycle, appropriately enough, is the hobby-horse of irresponsible young men. But the modern convertible has none of the mistress-like qualities.

Let us see whether the sedan is really a wife. Women apparently do not see it as such. Women do 80 percent of the buying in this continent, and this presumably includes a good deal of the motor-car buying. What would a woman want with a wife-symbol? What does the married man want with a wife-symbol anyway? The function of a symbol is to serve as substitute for a reality either lost or unattained. The idol brings down to earth the deity that it represents; the fistful of stage money makes the child feel rich. But the real millionaire does not play with stage money, and the devotee who carries a god within his heart wants no truck with idols. The average man needs no wife-symbol because he has the real thing.

What, then, is the appeal of the motor-car? Why have the motivational researchers not given a more satisfactory explanation? Their talk of aggression, ostentation, power-complexes, masculinity, mistresses and wives is not quite good enough. This all sounds as if all cars were owned and driven by men, but the real motives for the compulsive purchase and use of the motor car must surely operate as strongly on women as on men. Do the researchers not know these motives? Perhaps they do, and perhaps they have decided not to reveal them. They have given out a story which is complicated enough and amusing enough to divert superficial inquiry. Yet, as we have seen, this story is not the truth, certainly not the whole truth. Perhaps the researchers feel that the whole truth could not decently be revealed in this society.

I once overheard a group of young women discussing an absent friend. She was married, but her husband had just left for a two-year spell in the Arctic. "Still, she'll be all right," said one of the group. "She's got the car!"

The grass-widow did not, of course, look on the car as a symbol of masculinity, a substitute husband to keep her company during the lonely two years. The car was for her the traditional refuge of the ill-used or deserted wife; the car meant Mother!

This is the symbolism that is so satisfying to men, women, and children alike. By climbing into the car they enact a return to the womb. Cradled in the softly-padded interior the rider crouches, back bent, knees drawn up, gliding smoothly on hydraulic suspension about three feet above the ground. Not a breath of cold air disturbs the uniform stuffiness; hammering rhythm from a radio simulates the pounding of the maternal heartbeat; there is nothing to do except relax and give an occasional slight kick with one leg or the other as the world flows by the wraparound windows. Here is the universal flying-dream recreated in waking hours.

Once inside the womb, the driver can be as infantile as he likes; no need to keep a stiff upper lip now. At the slightest feeling of annoyance, he presses a button, and Mama screams for him with her hundred-decibel voice. Mama will tell the naughty people to get out of the way. Mama does not want her darling to grow up too soon; let him lean on Mama's giant strength a little longer.

What could be more delightful for the Mom-worshipping, womb-seeking majority? But what could be more irritating to the virile minority who are tired of apron-strings and umbilical cords? These independent spirits, once the novelty of car ownership has worn off, feel ill at ease in the womb. They begin to drive recklessly, and sooner or later achieve their aim, a symbolic rebirth. They are ejected violently, and probably head-first, from the confinement which irks them so.

It is fascinating to wonder whether there is any relation between abnormal births, Caesarian, premature, or breech deliveries, and reckless driving in adult life. Such people might have an additional reason for enacting a rebirth. I

do not make a point of this; I merely offer it to the first applicant as a subject for a thesis.

The daily return to the womb, then, is intensely pleasurable for the average devotee. But there is another influence at work that is perhaps stronger than the craving for prenatal comfort and irresponsibility. There is a nagging sense of guilt towards Mom; we are guilty of leaving home, of choosing mates for ourselves, above all, we are guilty of growing up. As Donald James has said, "We leave the womb after nine months' sojourn. Women can never forgive us this. They would have us back." So, by going back, we desperately hope to placate the aggrieved Mom-goddess, and gain peace of mind.

But it is not so simple as all that. In the symbolic act itself, the motorist finds a nasty twinge of guilt mixed with his reverent joy. After all, Mom's person is sacred, and the act of propitiation is at the same time an act of defilement. So Mom's potential wrath must be bought off in all sorts of ways. We must be always offering little fashionable knick-knacks for her adornment, and we must not on any account be cheap about it. We must anoint her with the very latest in cosmetic waxes. We must have her scrupulously washed and groomed at regular intervals (you know how fussy Mom always was about getting behind the ears). And, after all, there's something rather indecent in knowing too much about Mom's internal organs; it says in the hymn-book that He abhorred not the virgin's womb, but we're only human — after all, I mean to say! It's only decent to leave all that to the white-coated specialists, who can operate with a fitting degree of mystery and expensiveness. In a recent Maclean's article a garageman said, "I have to work very much like a doctor or a psychiatrist, because people tend to treat their cars like living things."

But, if we do treat her right, Mom will not reject us. And best of all, she is always with us. She shall not grow old, as Moms in the flesh grow old. There's a magic method that keeps her always young and fair. No painful surgery, no annoying delays. Abracadabra! Presto, fly! The quickness of the deal deceives the eye, and here she stands, as good, no, better than new, more lushly curved, more chromatically radiant, more softly padded than ever. Open the door that slams like a vault, and glide into the womb, the roomy womb, gloomy tomb. Come unto Mom, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and She will give you rest.

Hypothesis

If, denied the expression
Of avowal of my love,
I yet love, mute.

If, denied the answer
To what I long to know,
I yet love, unanswered.

If, denied the knowledge
That you return my love,
I yet love, unknowing.

And if, denied the touch
Of your beloved hands,
I yet love, untouched.

If love be judged by sacrifice
Then I must love you well,
To forgo every fruit of love
And live upon the shell.

Evelyn J. Broy.

An Illustrated Man Regards Himself

Mutual conjunctions part
When muscles flex, and start
When sinews release the skin.

On their stubby arms three trim
Dancers, all clad in less
Than little, smoothly undress.

Six hairy serpents slowly glide
Across his shoulders, then slide
Along the incline of his hips.

Here an argosy of ships
Embarks with a breath of monsoon
And sinks on his belly's harpoon.

Deep in the armpits there wait
Two lovers for their chance to mate—
But at the turn of his head

A policeman appears instead;
And so with the tilt of his thigh
These scenes must wither and die.

And the show will shut for the night
With his body covered by the white
Of an angel's wing hugging him tight.

John Robert Colombo.

Mallorca

Echo and ghost . . .

Where blue sea walks
Down fronded waves, Arabia and Rome
Bequeath the perfume of their sweated palms.

Who seeks where all is sought, and found, and lost?
Who waits where ghost sails walk?
Where warm words run
Into an unexpectant sun?

Now should remorseless heart prepare
For form and fire, and unsceptered sword,
Yet does not stir, while on the ear
Shrill pipes the parakeet (my paroche), and thought
Is no dream; only an empty creaking on the empty stair.

When winter gelds our north, white surf
Will scarf Majorcan almond trees;
Today, imperial purple stains
Hedge and wall, where island Caesars walked
And against clay, hibiscus coals proclaim
In silence, unremembered things.

Now not to wake nor dream; even to seem
Wakeful to voices where whispers are unvoiced,
Nor with lifted hand salute familiar ghost whose
phantomed feet
Do not raise dust under unreal arches, and the baked
Echoes of Moorish truth.

Design

Is all. And echo is woven
Threadlike among echoes into
Patterns of blue silence where the waving Mediterranean
Weaves kerchiefs for spectres.

Yet one voice

Survives echo; and one
Memory stirs fronds to frame a haunted dream.

Goodridge MacDonald.

Two Space Poems**CIRCLES**

"Old Euclid drew a circle on a sand-beach long ago"
Vachel Lindsay.

Bees stagger out of the throats of the tall gladioli
Starlings vociferate hoarsely a-rasp in the apple trees,
Over the mesmeric haze of the late summer stillness
The doves indelible sound is circling—circling—

Out of the silence, a shriek—the descent of Icarus!
Swooping and screaming his jet draws Euclidian circles,
All of our afternoon sky is for his demonstration
Looping the ether with sound that shatters creation.

In the garden below, the bee with flower persistent
The mournful circling circling sound of the doves' call;
Did it mourn over that Grecian shore when Thought
was a-borning
With a circle in sand that became this circle in heaven?

AT THE OBSERVATORY (AUGUST 1958)

An August afternoon like any other
We spiralled up Mount Douglas
Through a dry silence, rattling oak leaves
Into air clearer than prisms.
(Is this gold-washed light like that of the Aegean?)
Below us the city, the shore, the distant islands
Westward small ships, beads on invisible string
Slip through Juan de Fuca to the sea.

Inside at dusk, seers in business suits
Peer at their star-charts—turn the sky toward them
With the twist of a dial, a faint whirring of hinges.
Astro-physicists, masters of the Cyclopean eye
What do you know of Eros brought from heaven
Or Achilles captive now among the Trojans—
Who follow the turning of binary stars in their orbits
Like boats in the harbour following one another?

The biblical seers looked up and saw emerald cities
The gods from Olympus escaped to this star-clustered refuge
To-night being clear, we see the rotations of Sputnik
Reflect in its spirals the light from the eastern horizon.
But you know Camelopardalis, Lacertae, Orion,
What have you found, seeking their secrets in heaven?
"Helium, oxygen, nitrogen
Calcium, chromium, carbon."

Hilda Kirkwood.

French Rivers

Percheron-fat
They lazy-graze
Green downwards,
Clarté franquise.

But now in flood
Mud-poachers roar
And *jumier* floats
In peach-orchard hair.

Cabbage-heads stand
Up to their chins
Laughable, affable,
On bumper-jack stems.

E. H. Templin.

Waiting for an Old Woman to Die

Come quickly for pity's sake because even
 That fragile emotion at last
 Will not survive if it should be
 Trapped in her contraception of love again.
 I remain here temporarily—and I've subjected
 Myself to self-analysis so many
 Times I can only be sure that I lack
 All filial feeling about the wet
 Eyed old person of dubious gender,
 Prodding my heart constantly for the correct
 Reactions. Most men and all the women
 I've known were like this—a stickiness.
 Thick word coverings keeping their
 Nakedness warm in bed and talking,
 Talking, talking. After the dying
 Is done with, the old pickpocket death
 May be found the only honest man without trying.
 Put it this way: I shall be involved
 In her departure; but also
 I'll go free again, my whole
 Identity closed up from the protocol
 Of falsehood. The carpenter's hammer,
 Electricians, repairmen, refurbishers,
 Getting everything to work properly again.
 And grief may come here quietly
 To be identified and visa stamped,
 For a land without language.

A. W. Purdy.

Invocation

A tree,
 As yet undressed,
 Hurts me:
 I am unblessed.

Not faith nor cross
 Nor sight
 Will ease my loss
 Of light.

The tree
 Will soon be masked
 In green;
 Comfort unasked.

All in darkness
 Comes my
 One great success;
 I die.

So, rise
 Soft Spring and blind
 My eyes
 Before I find

My old disguise
 For death.
 The tears and sighs
 Lose breath.

Come Spring
 And wave your rod
 And bring
 Me proof of God.

James Cass.

Lines Composed by a Lake in the Northern Patricia District

Mirror of agate,
 framed in stone,
 reflects a land
 stripped to bone:

some Medusa
 in the sky,
 here has cast
 a granite eye,

transmogrifying
 earth to this
 roughly chiseled
 synthesis;

here, the Word,
 given in stint,
 dropped from Heaven
 clothed in flint;

here, the human
 finds no place,
 no softening of
 this rugged Face;

here, with blank-eyed
 lidless stare,
 Terror and Beauty
 merge, and dare

the trespasser
 to gaze on this
 rigid
 metamorphosis;

here, the voice's
 softest tone
 splits a Universe
 of Stone;

lightest fall
 of foot on rock,
 opens chasmed
 seams of shock; —

Interloper,
 turn, and flee,
 if you value
 sanity!

Dorothy M. Brown.

Never Go Indoors

Never go indoors
 And leave the stars alone,
 Branched like blossoms
 Above the bowl of lake;
 Sifting star pollen into orchards below;
 Where petal-peppered tents
 In row, flash flaps of empty nylon.
 But take the pollen of stars
 To paint the stars of orchard,
 And hang new fruit upon the apple tree.

Thelma Reid Lower.

The Spate of Rising

The mossy bones sit up
 Amid our heap of sleepers,
 Lips in sealed saliva
 Crack the rind of nicotine
 And ears ricochet a blowing curtain
 Flashing in our tomb.
 Forgetting the marriage
 She begins to camouflage
 And I prop my head,
 Listen to a surface
 Making her pink.
 A new-day breath heaves the ocean
 And swells a dimple to a breast of sail;
 Her anus stares
 And I hide in the hairy sheet.
 This spate of rising
 Had crowed again,
 This tender emulsion
 Of sperm and tease
 Was rested with a rift,
 This season, this death
 Of yesterday was alarmingly reborn:
 Encircling hands pointing
 Cruelly meant now.
 Covers rip off:
 Her punctual fetish anesthetized
 By a cold scalpel of sheer surprise;
 Reflection sees its guest,
 Outlines a model to become sane;
 I stagger, think desperately
 And listen to a hero's welcome.

Clive Manwaring.

Music Review

► IN ART, all creation is re-creation. In musical composition, there are no new sounds, only new ways of revealing, and organizing, sounds which have existed in the human consciousness for thousands of years and probably existed in the rocks before that. The repertoire of Gregorian chant, source of nearly everything in the music of Western civilization, is itself reduceable to a few basic melodic shapes—and these same shapes can be traced in ancient Byzantine, Hebrew, and Syrian chant melodies, which existed long before the Gregorian ones.¹

Igor Stravinsky is an extreme example of the re-creative creator. His creativity is sparked not, as Debussy's, by sights and smells, and not, as Schoenberg's, by private inspirational eruptions somewhere between the intellect and the viscera, but by purely pleasurable contact with other men's music. His way of composing is not typical of our time (though his music always is); but neither is it an unprecedented way of composing. Mozart, for example, in a divertimento written on a certain Saturday of 1779, can't help revealing that he was at the opera the previous Thursday, and what tunes he particularly liked. The material becomes more valuable now, because we see its (perhaps rather ordinary) features through the pleasure-reaction of a very alert musical spirit: it becomes marked with his personality. So it is, often, with Stravinsky. In reading the finale of the Piano Sonata, you immediately recognize that he's been practising the two-part fugue in E minor in Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier*. But, before the end of the second phrase or so, the personality—the "originality"—of Stravinsky

asserts itself. The effect is not mechanical (though sometimes the technical processes behind it show quite clearly)—Stravinsky is *honestly* derivative, and doesn't give phoney aura to his sources as, for instance, Dali does by rubbing dirt into his canvas to make it look like an old master. So it happens that, although the musical works Stravinsky has enjoyed over the years have varied greatly in style and even in quality, his own pieces (reflecting them) remain his own, and are mostly valuable because they are his own. An interesting illustration of this is Lawrence Morton's comparison² of phrases from four different Stravinsky compositions, each from a different decade and each reflecting a different musical stimulus. The comparison shows melodic and rhythmic contours which remain very similar. Even in recent years, when, to the dismay of some of his hearers, Stravinsky has embraced the technique and the literature of the Schoenberg school (Webern wing), the results are often pure Stravinsky. For instance, the opening chord of the *Cantata 1952* and the closing one of the recent *Threni* could be spaced and scored that way by no one else.

The *Threni*, which has just been recorded³, is a setting, in Latin, of three of the five Psalms of Lamentation of the prophet Jeremiah. Stravinsky wrote it in 1957, aged 75. Superficially it resembles the Webern cantatas, in its tortured leaping "anti-vocal" vocal lines, and in its lean, "pokey" instrumentation (a big orchestra is called for, but there never seem to be more than three or four instruments sounding at a time). Stravinsky has observed the ritualistic-ceremonious nature of the text (which forms part of the Tenebrae service) by including the Hebrew letters, *Aleph*, *Beth*, etc., which mark the start of each verse. As intoned by the chorus, these give the work a timeless, incantatory flavor. When critics remarked years ago that his *Symphony of Psalms* seemed inspired by thoughts of the ancient near-Eastern ritual music out of which early Christian music evolved, Stravinsky replied that no such specific historical reference had been in his mind. However, a similar marked evocation in the *Threni* is notable evidence that, subconsciously at least, the composer thinks of religious and ritual music in terms of its ancient origins.

Musically the *Threni* is derived entirely from the manipulations of a single row of twelve notes. Because of this, and because of its single long text (instead of the mingled anthology-like texts of the *Cantata* and the *Canticum Sacrum*), the *Threni* seems more highly unified than any of the composer's other recent serial pieces. To me it appears a climactic work, bringing to a head Stravinsky's stylistic and technical preoccupation of the past few years. It stands in the same relation to the other recent works as *Les Noces* does to its predecessors in the "Russian-primitive" portion of his early output. Rhythmically, sonorously, theatrically even, it seems to have something of the same unity of purpose and concentration of impact as *Les Noces*.

Agon is so far the only one of Stravinsky's recent works popular enough to be recorded more than once. Stravinsky's own version⁴ is strongly rivalled—in some respects (dare one say?) surpassed—by that of Hans Rosbaud.⁵ *Agon* is no less *ouvrage* than the *Threni*. But here Stravinsky is less self-restrictive in material. The work in sum is a loose divertissement, though it has tightly-formed components. The music refers to 16th- and 17th-century dance forms (and tunes), to Webernian melody and canon-structures (the piano part around page 41 of the score seems almost to parody Webern), and to a general nervous spirit that seems very much a product of urban America, Stravinsky's home for the past twenty years. The New York premiere of *Agon* in December, 1957, placed it on a program with three other Stravinsky ballets—*Apollon Musagète*, *Orpheus*, and *Fire-*

bird. The "Greek" ballets seemed to get more and more abstract, and it wasn't just increased tightness of the budget that seemed to make them call for less and less in the way of décor. Coming at the end of the evening, *Firebird*, most familiar of the four, was like an opulent and rather fussy relative at least two generations removed: it was the only one of the four which demanded not only lavish décor but a good deal of specific mime and even sign-language between the dancers, to help get its meaning across. *Agon* was pure dance, and communicated through the witty Balanchine choreography in a very markable way, in a very 1950-ish way. Stravinsky, in his seventies and in a highly cerebral phase, is still most at home in the theatre. One instance of many here is the music of the First Pas-de-Trois, which calls for cellos, a solo violin, two trombones, and a xylophone, nothing more: this is a miracle of precision in musical statement, and its meaning belongs to the here-and-now of this continent.

These two new pieces, like many of the earlier Stravinsky works, are so highly polished, so cunningly and musically contrived, so touchingly real, so relevant to their time and yet so rich in reference to other times—in a word, so full of musical personality—that we are seldom concerned about the human personality of their creator. I read recently the remark that no fair book about Stravinsky has been written; all the existing ones, it seems, either completely damn or completely adore. His own writings allow only a restricted, characteristically selective, glimpse of the man behind the music. Reviewing his *Chronicles of My Life* in the mid-1930's, Virgil Thomson said he felt as if

... Mr. Stravinsky has just swallowed the canary and doesn't mind our knowing it . . . The stiff little man we have had to deal with these last fifteen or so years is exactly what he seems to be, a stiff little man.⁶

A busier and wider-ranging Stravinsky, but a no less stiff, no less neat and aristocratic one, emerges from the curious little new book, *Conversations with Stravinsky*, which he has made with his protégé, the young American conductor Robert Craft.⁷ If these are "conversations", they have been severely edited. Mr. Craft may have done more, one suspects, than ask the questions.

The book is partly *obiter dicta* on this and that musical subject, partly reminiscence, partly the careful rewriting of legend (and of the *Chronicles*). Its most lively passages, dealing with Stravinsky's works and the writing of them, often just confirm what one would guess from the music, but are intriguing in conjunction with it. The double-bass harmonics in the main theme of *Agon* spring to mind again when one reads:

We are just discovering the orchestral use of harmonics, especially bass harmonics (one of my favorite sounds . . . ; make your throat taut and open your mouth half an inch so that the skin of your neck becomes a drum-head, then flick your finger against it: that is the sound I mean).

This also shows the almost child-like joy Stravinsky takes in the world of sounds. Elsewhere one reads:

Though the standard orchestra is not yet an anachronism, perhaps, it can no longer be used standardly except by anachronistic composers.

—and recalls the superb concert-staginess of the *Symphony in Three Movements*, the surprisingly anachronistic-sounding echoes of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* in *Oedipus Rex*, the nearest examples in Stravinsky to "standard" use of the standard orchestra.

The reminiscences and quotations from letters are of slight importance: the only point in including some letters from the French author and editor Jacques Rivière seems

to lie in Stravinsky's quips about Rivière's lack of musical knowledge. But these parts of the book are nonetheless thick with name-dropping:

My low esteem for Strauss's operas is somewhat compensated by admiration for von Hoffmannsthal. I knew this fine poet and librettist well, saw him often in Paris, and, I believe, for the last time at the Berlin premiere of my *Oedipus Rex* (where Albert Einstein also came to greet me). Hoffmannsthal was a man of enormous culture and very elegant charm. I have read him recently, last year before travelling to Hosios Loukes—his essay on that extraordinary place—and was pleased to think him still good.

A "stiff little man", indeed! This brings a reaction similar to Gertrude Stein's when some aristocratic English friends asked her to agitate with the French for the cession of Pondicherry to Britain: "Where the hell's Pondicherry?"

Stravinsky drops his judgments with the same deliberateness as his names, and takes care to make them as original and as fashionably divergent as possible. Mahler is admired, but only for his songs; Schoenberg too, but only (it appears) for those works which Mr. Craft has recorded. Bartók's devotion to folk music is regretted, for reasons not stated; but he is, on the other hand, lauded for, of all things, his "religiosity", a trait in the late Hungarian composer not noted, as far as I recall, in the biographies of Moreux and Stevens. Stravinsky met Bartók twice. Previous judgments, such as the admiration for Tchaikovsky (enshrined in *Le Baiser de la Fée*), are toned down and qualified. Previously-expressed enthusiasms such as Gounod and Bellini are now notable by their absence. Occasionally, alongside the attitudes, the book flashes a fascinating image before our eyes—for example in the story of Stravinsky and Picasso being arrested for relieving themselves against the wall of the Galleria in Naples.

But on the whole I think one may well resent being charged four-fifty for a mere 160 pages of such hodge-podge, illustrated with photos, most of which one has seen already on Columbia jackets or in *Life*. One can absorb it all in an evening. But one can reheat a masterful work like *Agon* many times with enjoyment and real edification.

JOHN BECKWITH.

1. The study of these melodic types is described by Gustave Reese in his *Music of the Middle Ages*, p. 171.
2. In a review in the *Musical Quarterly*, October 1954, p. 573.
3. Stravinsky: Threni. Columbia Symphony Orchestra, New York Schola Cantorum, soloists, cond. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia ML 5283.
4. Stravinsky: Agon. Los Angeles Festival Symphony Orchestra, cond. Igor Stravinsky. Columbia ML 5215. This disc also contains Stravinsky: Canticum Sacrum.
5. Stravinsky: Agon. Southwest German Radio Orchestra, cond. Hans Rosbaud. Westminster XWN 18807. This disc also contains Berg: Three Pieces for Orchestra, and Webern: Six Pieces for Orchestra.
6. Thomson, V.: "The Official Stravinsky," in *Modern Music*, May-June 1936, pp. 57-8.
7. Conversations with Stravinsky: Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft; Doubleday; pp. 162, illustrated; \$4.50.

Theatre Review

► EACH TIME I go to Montreal, I am forced to admit, enviously as a native Torontonian, that most of Canada's hopes of developing a national theatre lie there. Montreal always had the best chance since Canada is by definition a bi-lingual country—though in fact for most of the country bi-lingual simply means a choice of two languages. But the moment you call something national, you have to stick to the official rules of two languages; there are plenty of self-appointed referees around to blow whistles if you don't. The very

idea of a bi-lingual theatre in Toronto is ridiculous, and the idea of any theatre in Ottawa is almost as unthinkable.

But Montreal's monopoly on the bi-lingual business is only a favorable condition. The real reason for hope is that in fact Montreal has the most active theatrical scene of any Canadian city, that it offers the most native theatre, and that it has the best theatrical companies. The French can take a lot of the credit. The influence of Paris sets them in the European rather than the American tradition of theatre, and at the same time Paris is blessedly far away. The English are challenged close to home by the excellence of the French theatre, instead of, as in Toronto, by the prosperity of the New York Theatre. The English theatre audience is sluggish by comparison with the French—but there is some sign at last of a common audience for shows in both languages.

The current season shows Montreal theatre in the best state to date. The English Montreal Repertory Theatre is now operating on a completely professional basis, and in a theatre of its own downtown: a great improvement over two years ago when the MRT was presenting sporadic shows in the Van Horne School auditorium. The French Théâtre du Nouveau Monde has inaugurated its ninth consecutive season with a fine production of Synge's *Playboy of the Western World*, or rather *Le Ballad du Monde Occidental*. They do not as yet have their own theatre, but have established squatter's rights over the former movie-house The Orpheum, and have received subsidies from various quarters. The Rideau Vert, an 11-year-old French group, with a home, is presenting a complete season of Canadian plays, 3 in all, for the first time. The Theatre-Club is busy with an avant-garde play by Audiberti, and the Comédie Canadienne has moved into its second season with a rousing success, Gélinas' new play *Bousille et les Justes*. This has been running 5 weeks now with not a sign of let up, and a Canada Council Award winning play is all set to share the theatre with it starting on November 15. All together a very encouraging season, and a big step ahead from the position of 3 years ago, when there was not one new Canadian play presented, and three less buildings in use as theatres.

Bousille et les Justes is a play to be reckoned with. There are any number of Canadian plays which will be remembered only by historians and scholars. Aside from Gélinas' own *Tit' Cog*, I cannot think of one that is likely to receive much more attention in 50 years than the tragedies of Wilfrid Campbell do today. *Bousille* makes his second triumph, but a tantalizing one because it has greatness, and yet falls short of being great through a tendency to melodrama.

The play deals with the moral and social crisis within a family when the youngest son kills a man in a fight. The action takes place in the Montreal hotel room which the family rents for the two days of the hearing. Mother, daughter and son-in-law, son and daughter-in-law, all make the trip from their home town to defend the family name from dishonor. They are the just ones of the ironic title. Then there is Bousille, a simpleton cousin who is hired to do odd jobs for the family as an "act of charity". Gélinas has done no more than introduce his family when he is dangerously close to melodrama, because his one sheep and his family of goats are so clearly separated.

Gélinas' Grenon family is the lovable Plouffes of Lemelin, all exposed as petty, selfish and hypocritical. The plump, warm-hearted mother is revealed as a woman who cares more for the family name than for her son's welfare, who goes to bed at the first sign of trouble, and who for the sake of public appearances wears a corset so tight that it makes her ill. The daughter is a sharp-tongued vulgar creature with no interests beyond her own needs, the son-in-law is an easy-

going cynic whose chief preoccupation is sensual pleasure, the son is a cruel man with a love of politics and power. The daughter-in-law is kind-hearted, but she is only a member of the family by accident; the son having got her with child.

Bousille on the other hand is maltreated by everyone because of his simplemindedness, is unhappy when he is not doing someone else a kindness, and takes the bible and his religion with a childlike faith.

Bousille was the only witness to the fight, and as he tells the lawyer what happened, down to the smallest detail, it becomes evident to everyone except himself—his only concern is to tell the whole truth after swearing on the bible—that his evidence is very damaging to the son who is another typical member of the goat family.

Now comes the struggle, between the worldly-wise family and the idiot Bousille. And it is a scene of terrific impact, beautifully built through every kind of temptation and pressure until the son finally forces Bousille to swear on the bible not to tell the truth at the hearing by means of a physical pain beyond endurance. Bousille is a Christ-figure but *he is human*, he is not a saint. He gives way, withholds facts at the hearing and the case is dismissed. However, this victory of force turns very sour. The fact of being led to use physical torture for a social pretense has sickened the son-in-law with himself. Bousille becomes feverish with guilt and pain and dies soon after the trial, leaving the elder son to face a very hard fact.

It is impossible not to think of Ibsen in relation to this play: there is the same criticism of social and religious hypocrisy, and the some overwriting which brings the audience so close to the point of laughter. Gélinas has a very difficult time in controlling the laughter in this play anyway. He has become so closely associated with comedy that the audience is prepared to laugh the moment he enters, and when he enters as a clownish figure with clothes too big for him and straight hair falling down onto his face, who would not laugh. His difficult task is to bring the audience from laughing at him to loving him and suffering with him. The family must at first appear to be normal mixed-up people, not monsters. There are many deliberate laugh lines in old Gélinas style, but the way the play is performed at present they threaten to carry away other lines too. Gélinas the actor and director has magnified the faults of Gélinas the writer.

It is some measure of the power of the play that it is extremely affecting despite these faults. It is not at all comforting and the audience squirms with outrage as the needles dig in: the mother kneeling down for family rosary session just after some fantastic private fights; the son-in-law persuading his wife to leave him free to roam for the night on the grounds that she should be a Christian mother and look after the children. And Gélinas has caught the Quebec rhythm, accent and slang faultlessly. His understanding of Quebec provincial society is wickedly just. Perhaps if it were a little less just he might have made it all the way to a tragedy.

Gélinas may yet find a way to balance the play, because he is a perfectionist and doesn't give up work on a play just because it has gone into production. In the meantime there is much to be grateful for.

WENDY MICHENNER.

Film Review

► THE RUSSIAN FILM industry has lately rediscovered that love as well as tractors makes the world go round. But like the architecture and most consumer products of the Communist world, these recent films oddly adhere in style and mannerisms to the fustier bits of bad taste from the

twenties and thirties. In those days the stars of every Hollywood B movie exchanged long smouldering soft-focus looks, a montage of newspaper headlines marked the passage of time, petals dropped, and violins sang during the required final embrace.

The Russians have taken lovingly to this form of stylized schmaltz, and it must be admitted that they do it with flair and conviction. They are given to raging natural elements, throbbing music, swoons, wavering camera tricks, and broody preludes on the piano à la Rachmaninoff.

Last year this trend was introduced with a vengeance when *The Forty-First* appeared, the full-color story of a Red girl guerilla fighter detailed to keep a "dreamily" handsome White Russian officer her hostage. His appearance and manners simulated the most obvious stereotype of gushy pulp fiction. Despite their political differences, the repressed romance between Marxist and decadent member of the old regime bloomed until one day, in the best bad movie tradition, they found themselves alone on a desert island. The Black Sea has those too evidently. The sea roared and crashed against the sand as their emotions welled. Under the circumstances he had little against peasant girls, but she has her prejudices against aristocrats. It is clear that these will fail her however, because she writes poetry.

All is lost when he demonstrates his superior education by dramatically emoting the story of Robinson Crusoe. Close-up of his dewy sea-green eyes, fervent embrace, pan to storm at sea where the tremendous clamour of frothing and whirlpools looks like the recreation of the world. But in the final scene she remembers where her duty lies and shoots him deader than Frankie shot Johnnie. In the water of course, with much rolling around and tears over his beautiful corpse. Undoubtedly she turned up at the local Kremlin for her medal just the same.

The Cranes are Flying followed. A festival prize-winner as well, it has been praised for its naturalism and welcome lack of party line. It also gained favor because of the attractive actress in the lead role, Tatiana Samoilova, a dark-haired girl with enigmatic soulful eyes. The film was concerned with the generation of young people whose lives were disrupted by the war.

Veronica, the heroine, is engaged to a student and in an idyll of youthful love they bicycle along the concrete banks of the Moscow rivers; all is sweet and pure. Boris enlists in the army and goes off to war. Endless tanks and solemn fervour. Veronica moves into her fiancé's flat with his family. His brother, a draft dodger, is devoting his energies to his grand piano and will not interrupt his musical studies to fight for his country.

One night when they are alone, he sits down to the piano in a very dark mood and tears into a purple and black concerto. As the chords thicken and the crescendo mounts it becomes clear that he is a damp steamy type and up to no good. Her bosom heaves and in the midst of nothing less than a bombing attack (the concerto continues though he has left the piano), she succumbs to a rape-like seduction. He carries her over a mess of symbolic broken glass. Crunch, crunch.

Meanwhile, back at the front, the youthful sweetheart is killed on a mission shortly after he has gazed admiringly at her photograph. Dissolve to birch trees swirling in the sky as his life ebbs. Unaware of this, she marries his treacherous brother and moves with his family to a hospital town in the wilderness to which soldiers are despatched from the front. She is very unhappy and melancholy in the best Slavic manner of old. She throws herself into nursing, constantly musing over a poem about "the cranes are flying"

. . . This is a sad seasonal phenomenon of the northern plains with the emotional impact of loons crying over northern Canadian wastes. A sympathetic older woman commiserates that without love, life is nothing. A far cry from right-thinking and the five year plan!

Her opportunist husband is still furthering his career (even in Omsk they are studying, studying . . .) and so he frequents the local gay types, in particular a blonde woman whose proportions strongly suggest that operatic diva of the old Silly Symphonies, Clara Cluck. Her parties are so hot that steam streams through the wooden planking into the frosty night.

Our heroine ultimately departs from this sordid situation and returns to Moscow to welcome the troops home from war. When her true love does not return, she passes out white flowers at the station and a returning veteran makes a speech about peace and reconstruction being all that mankind wants.

So she is alone, sad but brave, the hero of the Red Army is dead, and the handsome cad type is probably still flexing his digitals over some society woman's piano. Though containing many of the ingredients of soap opera, the assumptions that make possible such uncompromising conclusions are interesting. For instance, it is assumed that a tragic personal loss in the war is a universal experience, which the figures of Russian losses corroborate.

The most recent of these films, again praised for its naturalism, is *The House I Live In*. The "house" of the title implies Russia as well as the great communal apartment block in which everyone dwells. Like Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*, it is an epic which weaves the lives of several families together from childhood to maturity. The years are marked by that hackneyed device, big lettered signs with poorly drawn rays of the sun or fire and destruction to act as the portent of the times.

The House I Live In is graced by two of the loveliest Soviet actresses seen in any recent Russian film. One is a small dark elfin creature with eyes like bruises, the other, Zhyanna Bolitova, is a soft patrician blonde, a Slavic Grace Kelly. The first girl, (too young evidently to be given a credit) plays Glanya, a youthful innocent with a young sweetheart. He is a charming boy who will actually get out of the war as a live hero of the Red Army. Glanya reads poetry, recites, and burns to be an actress. She is destined to be killed by bombs, to the heartbreak of her returning soldier.

The blonde portrays Lida, a textile designer, and hers are about the most inadequately designed textiles you are ever likely to see. She is introduced as a bride entering her two-room flat with her geologist groom, a hero of Soviet industry. This chap faintly resembles rock-jawed Nelson Rockefeller and is never seen entering, leaving, or thinking without a pack-sack on his back and his pick handy. His work requires long absences since he is hacking his way through the Urals looking for "pyrites". During one such journey, Constantine, the handsome oldest son of one of the neighbouring flats, comes home on leave from the army. He does not assault a piano to indicate his immediate attraction for the deserted beauty, but you can tell he will not be able to resist temptation from the way he smokes his cigarettes—between thumb and forefinger like a gypsy.

As passion mounts, the clouds of smoke billow thicker and thicker until he must stand in the hall to do his brooding out of consideration for the running eyes of his family. The butts plummet to the floor and dual columns of smoke pour from his distended nostrils like white tusks. Meanwhile, Lida keeps gazing through her window glass against which

rain splatters or wind howls in proportion to her mood. And in the background there are those sobbing violins . . . twang, twang. No wild gypsy music, that went out with the Czars, but popular tunes that all sound like the current favorite *Moscow Nights*. Well, after he has admired her textiles, adultery is committed. This is definitely a new note in Soviet films for these are not depraved capitalists, but "nice" proper people, like you and me, dear reader.

They seem made for each other, but are given to remorse. He returns to war, husband returns to fretful wife. She tells him he has neglected her and has been more married to his work than to her. He must choose. He chooses work. But "Mother Russia" (a poster) desperately calls all men to the front and so he decides to enlist and let the pyrites wait. She hears and rushes back to him for it is her duty not to desert a man fighting for his country.

In the course of time he too is killed. Among the returning veterans is Constantine, on crutches. He has lost a leg. He goes to her flat but after words she orders him to leave because he must realize that she loved her husband Dimitri best after all. She is going to be faithful to his memory forever and ever, just like he was to his rocks, and she returns to her window to gaze towards the Urals.

So there is Constantine, a long-service veteran, with no leg and no girl. Join the Russian army and this could happen to you too. The picture ends at this point before we discover whether he was shipped into the interior when Stalin decided to banish cripples from the cities of Great Russia.

It is difficult to see how these films ever achieved a reputation for "naturalism" in view of their highly sentimentalized style. Their charm, which perhaps could be called naturalistic, lies in the presence of children and whole family units, and in the obvious affection and respect in the relationships between age groups. After seeing these films it is clear how families can live with dignity in crowded two-room flats separated only by paper thin walls. It is also a revelation how love affairs can progress despite the necessity to reenter the family homestead past sister sleeping in the vestibule, momma and poppa asleep in the living room, assorted youths sleeping in dining room, and perhaps a maiden aunt occupying the kitchen area. All these films also continue the concern shown in Russian literature for the vagaries of feminine psychology. The dedication of these heroines to duty, work, or the state, deteriorates progressively in these three films into personal egocentricity and love for love's sake.

The old-fashioned, Eaton's catalogue circa 1931, appearance of all the household furnishings and clothing is a study in itself. The apartment most frequented in *The Cranes are Flying* belongs to an architect and presumably is a good indication of what an above-average income can do for one in Moscow. No matter what the income, one fixture seems ubiquitous: a great fringed silk shade, like a midget's hoop skirt, suspended at eye level over each and every dining table. The activities which go on under this canopy are astonishingly varied, from eating or ironing to homework. The cigarette smoke swirls up into it around the bare bulb as though it were the funnel of a tepee.

Despite the wry amusement that the overblown emotional conventions of these films inspire in the western viewer, it must be said of them that they are very nice and have a pleasant aura of youthful turbulence and vitality. Their welcome premise is that very ordinary people can and do give themselves over so strongly to the romantic agony and the dream of true love. With all that l'amour and sputnik too, those Russians are bound to burst.

JOAN FOX.

Correspondence

The Editor: I have been a subscriber to *The Canadian Forum* for many years. I have frequently been distressed by what seemed to me small, spiteful remarks but those in your leading article of the October number pass all bounds.

In speaking of Mrs. Khrushchov, the writer also refers to the "public women of the western world". He speaks of their "bought" faces. I gather that he disapproves of cosmetics. Of course, there have always been puritans of that point of view. It is a matter of taste, though I think that there might be some question of the taste which dictated this expression. Then he goes on to suggest that women do voluntary social work only to get something out of it, whether advertisement, prestige or even money (what else could "red-feathering their nest" mean?). Human motives are mixed, even perhaps those of the writers of leaders in the Canadian Forum, but that these are the dominant ones of the women of whom he speaks I deny and I have had a fairly wide experience over thirty years. That we are making progress towards more intelligent and more humane ways of helping people in difficulties is due, in some considerable measure, to the devotion, resolution and hard work of these women, in what is always a difficult and often a thankless job.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. KASPER FRASER.

Turning New Leaves

► THE LITERATURE of business cycle history and business cycle theory is voluminous. But to a general reader, unsophisticated enough to search for final answers, it is hardly satisfactory. Explanations of the upswings and downswings of economic activity remain annoyingly *sui generis*, and although the outpouring of statistics and analysis never ceases, people continue to ask what is it that makes the boat rock. The story of Canada's travails during the Great Depression of the nineteen thirties is no exception.

Professor Safarian's inquiry into the performance of the Canadian economy during the depression years is, however, on the right track. "The study of cyclical change, even in an 'open economy' such as Canada's," he warns, "requires a broader framework than that which has usually been used for this period." The traditional view—the grim but oversimplified story of how an economy dependent for its life sustenance upon its ability to sell great quantities of staples in external markets slid into a disastrous downward spiral almost solely as a result of external collapse—simply will not do as the explanation of the severe buffeting that the Canadian economy received during the nineteen thirties. Professor Safarian gives the ever-present external factors their due, but he also provides an additive to the traditional account in that his analysis of strategic factors in the Canadian downswing and preceding boom does not neglect a host of *indigenous* phenomena. The same is true of his discussion of the relative severity of the Canadian collapse and the incompleteness of the subsequent recovery. Thus, a reading of Professor Safarian's study makes us realize that the heavy volume of investment of the middle and late 'twenties was not solely a function of Canada's external trade, and, conversely, when the bubble broke, the precipitant decline in investment was not solely a consequence of a shrunken export trade. The very rate of growth in the country's capital stock had within it the seeds of possible

THE CANADIAN ECONOMY IN THE GREAT DEPRESSION
A. E. Safarian; University of Toronto Press; pp. 185; \$3.50.

future trouble. A high rate of growth of capital stock in the 1920's meant that the Canadian economy of the 1930's provided far fewer opportunities for new capital formation. Add to this the fact that the innovative surge of the early decades of the present century, while not yet a spent force, had abated, and we might have enough—although this is problematical—to induce a sharp change in expectations regarding future profits, an all-pervasive pessimism in the business community, and a consequent drying up of new investment activity. Distortions of cost-price relationships in various sectors of the economy did not help matters, nor did the size and character of our debt to non-residents. And, always capable of making matters worse, was the monumental ineptitude of governments. It is true that even a fool can become wise after the event, and that a really wise man does not berate yesterday's wrongdoers with today's hindsight. Still, all of us have some malice, and it is surely difficult to refrain from directing a few brickbats at the Ottawa fumbling of two-and-a-half decades ago. As to fiscal policy, we had a government wedded to the extremes of financial orthodoxy. Government spending and the government's deficit were, in 1933, smaller than they had been in the two previous years. No counter-cyclical extravagances here! The tariff was, initially at any rate, the instrument wielded by a faltering government to stem the deflationary tide and cope with mounting unemployment. True, our constitution, and the added irritant of judicial interpretation, did not make the government's task any easier. Unemployment insurance, minimum wage and other federal legislation of a more or less New Deal hue expired on a Supreme Court bench, ushered into oblivion by a pronouncement of "ultra vires". Of monetary policy there was none. We were still the victims of an institutional void, having neither central bank (until 1935), nor highly developed money market.

But what does all this add up to? A theory of the business cycle? An explanation of why the Canadian economy plummeted into a deep chasm during the early 'thirties? What can be seen through the haze of conjecture? Statistical accounts of movements in output, exports, price relationships and the like, consumption, investment and government expenditure, permit us to scrutinize the peaks and troughs of economic activity. But when all the data have been marshalled, there remains a hard core of phenomena that can neither be measured nor fully explained. The expectations of entrepreneurs and corporation presidents — the big spenders of the business community whose decisions are of such crucial importance to the economic well-being of us all: in what exactly are they grounded? The appearance of innovations: what are the "reasons why" in this perplexing realm? The institutions of our society and our economy: how do they impinge upon the ebb and flow of economic change? But to pursue these queries any further is to enter an outer darkness that cannot be dispelled by the beacons of economic theory. It is simply not within the economist's gift to shed much light upon such imponderables as optimism and pessimism, the inventive process, and the significance to be attributed to institutional change. Professor Safarian has done a yeoman's job in a province that is rightly the economist's; it is not his fault if our curiosity regarding the nature of the business cycle occasionally spills over into a domain which is beyond the reach of economic analysis.

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Books Reviewed

THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTSIA, MAKERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY STATE: Stuart Ramsey Tompkins; Burns and MacEachern; \$6.50.

The term "Intelligentsia" so widely used in Soviet Russia and in Eastern Europe has been as much abused as democracy, freedom, free competition have been in the West. Professor Tompkins tells us that this term does not define "educated" people and proceeds to define it in such a way that the reader may think it applies only to revolutionaries (pp. 256-46). To avoid misunderstandings, Western readers should be warned that "Intelligentsia" covers people with even high-school education — which is and has been of a much more demanding and extensive kind than that which is known on the North American Continent. It was natural that people with education should express protest against injustice, but this does not mean that all members of the "Intelligentsia" were necessarily revolutionaries. By the same token, some of the most fanatical revolutionaries were men of great education — but unable to use it due to temperamental obstacles.

The problem of the origins of the Russian revolution has been approached, as all problems of history can be approached, from the personalities' or the institutions' point of view. Richard Hare, has approached the problem through character studies in his *Pioneers of Russian Social Thought* and recently in *Portraits of Russian Personalities between Reform and Revolution*. Perhaps the most satisfying treatment would be a study of the age in all its aspects, beginning with the failure of reforms projected by Catherine the Great. Professor Tompkins has approached this problem from the collective point of view, dividing his work into two parts: *The Russian Mind: From Peter the Great Through the Enlightenment*, followed by the present study. He takes his point of departure in the second period of modern Russian history — if the reign of Ivan the Terrible be treated as the first.

The great question in dealing with the Russian revolution is why it took the form of Communist totalitarianism. Judging from the subtitle of this book, the blame falls entirely upon the Russian Intelligentsia. The crucial chapter is, therefore, the last, in which the Revolutionary movement — which is, for Professor Tompkins equivalent to the Intelligentsia — is evaluated. The explanations tendered by the author for the failure of the Intelligentsia to create a better state system than Tsarism, are disappointing. The "tendency for government and people to confront one another in two mutually hostile camps" is nothing unusual in history, though it has been largely absent in the history of the United States. This fortunate and almost unique development should not lead us to see such hostility as unusual in other countries. The attitude that political struggles involve personal animosities, is perhaps unfortunate, but general to all countries except those where long periods of peace and prosperity prevent political disagreements from becoming a matter of life and death. The most important element, in the author's view, which militated against a solution other than the revolutionary "was the failure of Russian society to accept the rule of law as the basis of life." But before the rule of law is accepted, law must exist and must be enforced effectively. For this, peace, stability and time are the components. These components are favorable to the growth of the legal profession. The absence of such conditions in some countries does not connote inferiority or permit of condemnation; it is unfortunate and may be ameliorated only by reaching a certain stage of historical development.

What is striking in modern Russian history is the absence of a class large enough to press for better conditions, to attain them, and to have a vested interest in maintaining this attainment. The class which has exhibited this development in the West, has been the much maligned bourgeoisie, which has grown and is growing continuously, absorbing gradually the upper strata of the proletariat, in exactly the opposite manner to that predicted by Karl Marx. There is much speculation today whether such a class is not now rising in the USSR and whether this will be an element towards world peace. The old Russia lacked this class and, at the same time, the reforms of the Tsars were half-hearted measures and insufficient to cure the ills which beset their society. It is hard to accuse people of a lack of compromise when they do not have enough to eat. The land reform, for example, freed the peasant but drove him into debt to pay the rental. The Intelligentsia, or let us say, in contradiction to Professor Tompkins, educated people had, if they disagreed with the regime, nothing to say. Lack of voice and lack of practice in government are not conducive to the formation of responsible planners and administrators. The critics, while they had no voice in government, had, however, plenty of opportunity to write; the trouble was that the number of educated people was small and their means of influencing the authorities infinitesimal. The result was the elevation of literature to the rank of public education and the handing down of this tradition to Soviet Russia.

Professor Tompkins' book will be useful to the student for its scope and bibliography but its assumptions may be viewed with serious reservations.

ANNA M. CIENCIALA

THE DIARY OF SIMEON PERKINS, 1780-1789: Dr. D. C. Harvey; Notes by Dr. Bruce Ferguson; The Champlain Society; pp. xxxvi; limited edition.

In 1948 the Champlain Society published, under the editorship of the late Dean Harold A. Innis, *The Diary of Simeon Perkins, 1766-1780*. This was the first part, and perhaps the most interesting part, of the diary of a pre-Loyalist merchant in Nova Scotia which has been preserved in the town of Liverpool, Nova Scotia. Though I suppose I must assume part of the responsibility for the publication of this first volume, I must confess that, when it appeared, I found it disappointing. Its significance for general history was limited; and its chief importance arose from the light it threw on local history.

Now the Champlain Society has decided to complete the publication of the Perkins diary, and this is the first of three more volumes which are to appear, covering the years from 1780 to 1812. It should be said in the beginning that both in the introduction by Dr. Harvey, and in the notes by Dr. Ferguson, all the resources of the Public Archives of Nova Scotia have been brought into play. Seldom has a rather pedestrian document received such generous and illuminating annotation. But the question remains whether the diary has been worth all the powder and shot expended on it. Though it was written during one of the most important periods of North American history, there are few passages in it which do not deal almost exclusively with local matters.

The volume is produced in the format on which the Champlain Society has long prided itself; but there is an innovation on the title-page. Both the editor and annotator are referred to as "Dr." If the Champlain Society feels it must advertise the fact that its editors are "Drs.", why not specify what kind of doctorates they hold? Personally, I regard the habit of tacking the letters "Dr." on to people's names (except perhaps in the case of medical men) as deplorable.

W. S. WALLACE

THE ATLANTIC COMMUNITY: George Cottin; Macmillan; \$2.50.

The major part of this small book was published "in substance" (as the author puts it on page 28) in 1941. Its theme is union in the Atlantic Community, and especially among the English-speaking countries, which have a primary responsibility as a necessary nucleus in any such development. Few Canadians will be disposed to argue against the desirability of cooperative arrangements, though they may doubt the present possibility of political compulsion suggested on page 26: "The time has now come when the development of a common authority for specific functions, based upon a favoring popular sentiment is practicable . . ." Cooperative arrangements are in fact developing under the pressures of the twentieth-century world, though not in as directed or purposeful a fashion as could be wished. Readers of this book might well read also William Clark's recently published *Less Than Kin*, which has a less definite thesis of practical action but provides a more perceptive analysis of the Anglo-American relation.

GEORGE W. BROWN.

THE SIXTH SENSE: Rosalind Heywood; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 223; \$4.75.

Does extra-sensory perception exist? If so, how can it be explained? These are the main questions discussed in Rosalind Heywood's book. The first question is answered by a mass of historical facts, some of which are impressive, although much of the remainder is valueless, since it deals with vague qualitative cases which cannot really prove anything, such as the Willett Scrips. In fact, the only experiments which may be tested by rigid statistical methods are quantitative. At this point it must be mentioned that prejudice against the concept of extra-sensory perception or PSI is so widespread that even carefully controlled experiments, checked by leading statisticians, will not be sufficient to prove its existence.

This brings us to the root of the problem, which is only considered in the Appendix of the book. This part deals with suggestions and hypotheses as to the causes of PSI, given by leading physical scientists, philosophers, biologists, etc. Regardless of how each of these persons labels his explanation, they all have to depend in the end on the principle of duality between matter and non-matter, since purely material causes (transmission of energy by electromagnetic waves) are strictly ruled out early in the book. Therefore, extra-sensory perception can only be accepted by persons believing in non-material causes and effects. In any case, this book is only claimed to be an enquiry into extra-sensory perception, and the questions raised by it may hardly be said to be solved.

Y. ALLOUCHERIE

SONS OF THE FATHERS: Martin Kramer; Macmillan; pp. 342; \$4.50.

Six undergraduates of the University of California are the subjects of this novel. Five are artists; the sixth, a poet and art-critic, is the leader of the group, in that it is his influence which has brought them together, and his opinion which dominates them in their undergraduate years from 1934 to 1938. Martin Kramer whisks his shuttle briskly, setting the six young men in a pattern of contrasts, and interlocking them in friendships which range from the cool to the fervent.

We are introduced to the central characters at a party given, in his mother's absence, by the poet. His five friends (they include an albino, a self-possessed Englishman, a Negro, though the rule of the apartment does not permit Negroes, and a very beautiful young man) arrive one by one. They smoke, drink wine, discuss art and sex; then we follow

them to the homes from which they have come. This episode, and indeed the first of the book's three sections, is enlivened by a quiet and intelligent humour which tickles the reader without disturbing his sympathy for the characters. The humour appears less frequently, alas, in the second section, where the young men move out and away from each other, following their destinies. Here the style deteriorates, perhaps because the author is more at home describing the interplay of personalities than in following a single strand, or several separate strands of narrative. However, the final section, in which the strands begin to interweave again, quickens, and the reader who has persevered will be rewarded by one or two nice touches.

Martin Kramer wants to show us how intricate, complex and various the webs of environment and heredity are; therefore he has avoided making his novel read like a collection of case-histories. Certainly his characters are believable and individual, but at the same time their development lacks that sense of inevitability which springs from genuine organic growth. Add to this the uneven writing, and the deliberate choice of bizarre incidents, and you have a novel which seems to have been aimed, perhaps unconsciously, at the book-club audience.

BELLE POMER

MARCEL PROUST: A BIOGRAPHY: R. H. Barker; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 373; \$7.75.

Of late, there have been quite a few books on Proust—representing what Philip Guedalla, referring to an earlier spate, called a Marcel Wave of enthusiasm. None of them has been so clear, compact and sensible as this, by Richard Barker of Stanford, Columbia, Oxford, and Brooklyn. It is a straightforward life, with no pretensions, not so literary as the fine study by Andre Maurois (now available in paperback) but giving rather more details of the private life and habits of this fascinatingly sick, sad man. Sad, but not pathetic: first, because his private life was transfigured and redeemed in his public, published work; and secondly, because he was an entertaining and witty person, whom folk liked to be with, a splendid mimic, and very funny. This latter aspect of Proust is often ignored. Mr. Barker relates a grotesque tale of woe concerning Proust's sufferings when his next-door neighbour, a Madame Katz, began noisily to redecorate her apartment. Wrote Proust: "She changed two or three times the seat in her toilet (too small I suppose) which I have the honor to be next to, and always between 7 and 10 in the morning". Such a touch adds an extra, and welcome, dimension to the ultra-precious neurotic of literary legend. Mr. Barker does not pretend to go into the novel in any great detail, for which we should be thankful: much better to read the novel. This is penny-plain Proust, not tuppence colored, but very well done, and to be recommended.

H. C. PORTER.

THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS: Peter De Vries; Little, Brown; pp. 275; \$4.50.

POSITION AT NOON: Eric Linklater; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 253; \$3.25.

Mr. Bennett Cerf speaking in Canada recently claimed that the number of subjects for humor is diminishing. Here are two volumes which seem to deny his sad story. They are as different as the British and American points of view on what is funny and both have a middle-aged hero although beyond these two points of similarity they diverge widely in method and manner.

Mr. De Vries spoofs heart balm columnists, small town newspaper editors, neighbourhood cocktail parties, suburbia, Greenwich Village, psycho-analysis (of course) and many literary modes. Particularly successful is the chapter where

his hero, in a well-deserved traumatic coma hears two women in the laundromat talking about him in the vein of the Anna Livia Plurabella episode from Joyce.

De Vries is too clever by half and the fast switches in style become a prolonged tour de force, but the plot is pure De Vries. A minor suburban writer who confuses life with literature becomes involved with an imitation poetess, more or less an imitation Millay, although she can imitate almost anyone. He pits this unconventional poseur against solid suburbia with the hero floundering between. His Connecticut Sarah Binks (some of her poems are included) is called Sweetie Appleyard, and you know who rescues the poor, helpless, dishevelled fellow from this barefoot bluestocking. Why, yes. It is the brave efficient understanding conventional All-American keeper of his Chintz Prison! It is outrageous fun and we forgive him all the outrages except such puns as "She favors curry while he carries favor."

Mr. Linklater, on the other hand, turns his wry glance backward instead of contemporaryward. Starting as did Mr. De Vries with a middle-aged hero, although this one is sadder, he gives us a series of sometimes very funny stories on the family theme exhibiting ancestor worship in reverse, getting a good deal of fun out of the former social, political and literary customs of England back to 1795. Among my own favorites on this family tree is the narrator, gently and bitterly aware of the ridiculous figure he cuts, madly in love with the slut who shakes the rugs in front of the pub across the road, bored with his wife's technique for eliciting sympathy and choked with the dust of her father's antique shop. "When things go wrong" he says "Parolles is my man" but "my father was more culpable than I." We are then treated to what purports to be his mother's narrative about how his father, a well-educated but ill-prepared hero of the first world war arrived home so jaded from the hell of the trenches that he mistook his bride of a few months for an accommodating professional! So Linklater works back through his comic social history. He has the Boer War type say "I remember, how well, my old booby of a father and that dreadful day he covered us all with shame." It is a different approach, but he manages to carry it off although he sometimes sounds like a tuba player with a piccolo.

Anyone in pursuit of literary laughter should at least read the chapter called "The Collapse of a Victorian" in which rectitude comes a-cropper and propriety is rowdily routed. After this experience you will never be able to look at a family album again without wondering.

HILDA KIRKWOOD.

THE WANDERING WORLD: Ronald Bates; Macmillan of Canada, Toronto; pp. 60; \$2.75.

One way to test the strength of a new book of poetry is to see how much of it springs to mind some time after the first reading. In this case three months have gone by and not too many poems have sunk down beyond recall. As a matter of fact, most of Mr. Bates' lines are still glowing away and two poems in particular have been on the top of this reviewer's mind ever since the first reading. For example, "I was to be a Count, and have an island," spoken by some poor wretch who died during the exploration of the straits and seas beyond Ultima Thule, has stayed with me. The idea of anyone wanting to be a Count of Baffin Land hits a tragic comic ludicrous bone that Mr. Bates is good at tapping. Witness the very funny lines that end "The Road of Trials": "So he came through./And God knows those who did successfully were few." Also witness the idea here of a Narcissus figure who could have fallen in love with his reflection in a toilet bowl but resisted that temptation as well as that of little girls who played "house and trauma."

"A hundred hands on a hundred shutters" is a line that sticks with one from quite a wonderful poem called "Night Wood" in which darkness is compared to a fire that eventually the darkness of light puts out. I've certainly thought about "Night Wood" quite a bit since Mr. Bates' book came out. And with all the other poems, as here, the reader is in safe, imaginative and cultivated hands. Mr. Bates as a poet is well read, obviously well read. I like my poets that way and he would not have achieved the successes I have indicated unless he had been so. It is when this poet is at his most uncultivated and unbookish that I feel a lessening of sympathy: "The tug of a land is the oldest joy we know." There's a joy even older than that, one which I hope this poet goes on exploring, the joy of swallowing up the land with the wit displayed in such phrases as "the little girls who played house and trauma" and "the furnace of the night."

J. REANEY.

THE DISPOSSESSED: A Study of the Sex-Life of Bantu Women in Urban Areas in and around Johannesburg: Laura Longmore; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 334; \$6.75.

"The purpose of this study is to investigate the effects of modern contacts on African marriage and family systems under the impact of urbanization". It is, therefore, much more comprehensive in scope than its somewhat sensation-seeking sub-title suggests. The book is, in fact, a penetrating analysis of the corrosive influence of Western 'civilization' on the African way of life. While it is not a treatise on politics, anyone wishing to understand the underlying social and economic forces shaping the outlook and reactions of the urban African, as revealed for instance in the Cato Manor riots in Durban last July, would do well to heed the author's findings.

Miss Longmore is Lecturer in Cultural Anthropology at the University of Witwatersrand. Seven years of research in the Eastern Native Township of Johannesburg coupled with her knowledge of Bantu languages has enabled her to accumulate a mass of information, much of it of a personal and intimate nature. The picture she paints of the disintegration of home life and of social disorganization in general is grim. "Adultery, concubinage and prostitution are rife." "Practically every girl has one or more children before marriage"—and practically every man has one or more girl friends after marriage. In fact, it appears that the present urban African generation is tending simply to dispense with marriage altogether. "The liquor problem has become a national menace." Over sixty per cent of the residents of the location engage in illicit brewing and selling of beer, with its attendant evils of sexual promiscuity, thievery, hunger and disease and, above all, the neglect and corruption of children. Juvenile delinquency and crimes of violence are endemic and increasing. "Immorality among the urban African", Miss Longmore contends, "has become so prevalent that unless the traditional integrity of family life is regained the African people are in danger of moral collapse."

This alarming state of affairs is attributed to a variety of causes, primarily economic. The migrant labor system divides the family, facilitates the breakdown of tribal sanctions, creates an abnormal sex ratio in the towns and depresses wages to a sub-subsistence level. Africans are paid as Africans, but have to buy as Europeans. With life an endless struggle for mere existence, marriage becomes an economic burden to be avoided if possible. Moreover, with recreational opportunities almost non-existent, people turn to "gambling and fighting, sex and drink" to escape the monotony and misery. On top of this there is the social structure of the country—"the root cause of the trouble"—

particularly the industrial color bar which effectively blocks almost all avenues of advancement for the growing number of energetic and ambitious Africans with innate skills, and thereby serves to increase their frustrations. "So far," the author concludes "the 'progress' of civilization in South Africa has resulted in a progressive burden of social maladjustment, disease, drunkenness, poverty and malnutrition for the African people."

The Dispossessed is a shattering indictment of the European population of South Africa and a disturbing reminder of the explosive tensions being built up there. Readers of this arresting book will, however, regret that its organization is so confusing and its argument so repetitious.

DOUGLAS G. ANGLIN.

THE LIFE OF SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING: André Maurois; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 293, many photographs and colored drawings; \$5.50.

The facts of a science make a pattern; they are related; they are said to explain certain things, and because they are facts ("true"), are useful. Aristotle felt that to seek such knowledge was an instinct, and he was right, for is not unconsciousness, the reverse of knowing, instinctively avoided? Perhaps this explains the fascination of a book about a scientist. The life story of the discoverer of penicillin is here charmingly and accurately told, and one wonders how a French academician, the author of *Ariel, la Vie de Shelley*, could so completely change his spiritual venue. This book will be a classic, which one may compare with Valléry-Rabot's *Life of Pasteur*, Godlee's *Life of Lord Lister*, and Cushing's *Life of Osler*. It makes a far more suitable Christmas gift than the usual bourgeois bric-a-brac.

J. MARKOWITZ.

PETER THE GREAT: Vasili Klyuchevsky (trans. by Liliana Archibald); Macmillan; pp. x + 282; illustrated, with map; \$7.00.

Cromwell, Napoleon, Bismarck and Lincoln are but a few of the major historical figures who have been and continue to be the subjects of painstaking research and interpretative comment. If one compares the exploration of any of these individuals with the writing on Peter the Great, it is at once apparent that the scholarly world is guilty of a grave imbalance in the apportionment of its biographical efforts. If ever a man seized a civilization by the scruff of the neck and shook it until it was changed beyond recognition, it was Peter, and yet this literal and figurative giant has been subjected to much less study, in any language, than the standard collection of heroes alluded to above.

One student of history who was impressed by this shortcoming was Liliana Archibald, a teacher of history at the University of Otago in New Zealand, and it is much to her credit that she saw that the English-speaking world could profit by even so modest a step forward as an adequate translation of the study of Peter by V. O. Klyuchevsky, an outstanding Russian historian of the last century. What she has translated is the first ten chapters of volume IV of Klyuchevsky's five-volume *Kurs russkoi istorii* (*A Course in Russian History*). It is a creditable translation, far superior to the out-of-print rendition of the entire work by C. J. Hogarth, and the translator's footnotes provide a fine running bibliography on the text. Like any translator of Russian, Mrs. Archibald finds it difficult to produce English equivalents for such important terms as "*pomestie*" (property held on the theoretical condition of service to the state) and "*oprichnina*" (a portion of the realm set aside by Ivan the Terrible for special, direct administration by the state), and she has met the problem by leaving many such terms in Russian transliteration. This may cause some confusion for

the reader who does not know Russian but it at least avoids confusing mistranslations or semi-translations. This being her practice, it is especially unfortunate that she has chosen to use the conventional and mistaken translation, "poll-tax", for "*podushnaia podat'*." This translation usually suggests a tax on all citizens or a tax on the privilege to vote, both of which are remote from the Russian, which is literally, and correctly translated, "soul-tax", a "soul" being a male serf. Considering that social observers in Peter's own time and after (e.g., Gogol, whose *Dead Souls* referred to Peter's law) made much of the connotations of the official name for this tax, it is a pity that writers of English have persistently avoided the literal translation.

In selecting these chapters from Klyuchevsky for fresh translation, Mrs. Archibald is in some ways on unassailable ground, for Klyuchevsky's survey of Russian history remains a classic in its field, indispensable to all scholars in Russian history and twice re-published in the Soviet Union, despite the disagreements between Klyuchevsky and official Soviet historical doctrine. The least that can be said is that it will be handy to have this translation available for university reading. But the general reader may not find this work very rewarding, either as biography or as a historical survey. It is not great biography. Nor was it meant to be biography at all, for Klyuchevsky is at his dry best in describing social and political institutions. This he does systematically, without seeing any need to present a connected narrative of Peter's life, or even to mention such important biographical subjects as Peter's marriage to Catherine or his relations with his son, heir, and victim, Alexis. For biography the reader is better advised to read Voltaire's venerable classic, *The History of the Russian Empire under Peter the Great*; Eugene Schuyler's two-volume *Peter the Great* (originally published 1884); or B. H. Sumner's short *Peter the Great and the Emergence of Russia* (in the "Teach Yourself History" series).

As a survey of Russian history in the time of Peter, Klyuchevsky's chapters have much more to recommend them, although they appear to much better advantage in the

Driftwood Logs

From Powell River and the sally ports of mountains,
Rock coasts with green sleeves
And burned faces of giants,
To become clowns—
Enjoined to the regnant sea,
And floating quiet.

In a sense they have escaped
Saws and regimented log booms,
The metamorphosis of dead chairs,
And wardrobes with fool's gape
Opening on hanging suits
Under garottes of wire—

They don't play time's game any more,
Indulge curiosity about sunken ships,
Roam the land's littoral without
Fear, salt-drunk, land-bored,
As any whore-weary Ulysses is
When evil anemones open pink mouths.

Maybe in Mindinao Deep,
Perhaps in Martha's deserted Vineyard,
They vaguely sink:
Hearing always the imaginary
Diapason of arrivals and departures,
With an ending beautifully specific.

Alfred W. Purdy

intended context of the five volumes. Even here the historian must express dissatisfaction today. Klyuchevsky was able to use archival material, especially (perhaps excessively) the laws promulgated under Peter, to give research in this field a great thrust forward. But to give Peter the biographical treatment he deserves, it will be necessary to use the vast collection, *Letters and Papers of the Emperor Peter the Great*, which was started in Russia in 1887 and, after interruptions, is still being carried on today. It will also be necessary to plumb the archives of provincial centers in Russia and such foreign centers as the Hague, with which Peter had intimate dealings. Klyuchevsky did much, but the greatest service that the publication of this new translation affords may be to point up the gap between the importance and fascination of the man and the existing level of research on Peter and his times.

ROBERT H. MCNEAL.

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